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THE LIGHT OF DAYS GONE BY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Some comfort, when all else is night,
About his fortune plays,
Who sets his dark to-days in th' light
Of the sunnier yesterdays.

In memory of joy that's been
Something of joy is, still—
Where no dew is, we may dabble in
A dream of the dew, at will.

All with the dusty city's throng
Walled round, I mused to-day
Of flowery sheets lying white along
The pleasant grass of th' way.

Under the hedge by the brawling brook
I heard the woodpecker's tap,
And the drunken trills of th' blackbirds shook
The sassafras leaves in my lap.

I thought of the rainy morning air
Dropping down through th' pine,
Of furrows fresh from th' shining share,
And smelling sweeter than wine.

Of the soft, thick moss, and how it grew,
With silver beads impearled,
In th' well that we used to think ran thro'
To the other side of the world.

I thought of the old barn set about
With its stacks of sweet, dry hay;
Of the swallows flying in and out
Through th' gables, steep and gray.

Thought of the golden hum of th' bees,
Of th' cocks with their heads so high,
Making it morn in th' tops of th' trees
Before it was morn in the sky.

And of the home, of the dear old home,
With its brown and rose-bound wall,
Where we fancied death could never come—
I thought of it more than of all.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
Telling me here, and thus,
We called to the echoes by their names,
Till we made them answer us.

Thank God, when other power decays,
And other pleasures die,
We still may set our dark to-days
In th' light of days gone by.

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

THE SPENDTHRIFT NOBLEMAN AND THE FRUGAL ARTISAN.

CHAPTER III.

"Be as you would seem to be."

During the morning the sky had been overcast and the atmosphere close and heavy; but now all was clear; not a cloud was to be seen in any part of the azure vault above, and there appeared to be more vitality in all that breathed; whilst the short, but melodious notes of the chapim, a small bluish bird, whose song sounds touchingly sweet towards the decline of day, charmed the ear of the wayfarer.

Vasco allowed his mule to saunter on at a slow pace, leaving it to its own guidance. Though of a cheerful disposition, the young man was often thoughtful; but on the present occasion he seemed to be more than usually pensive. He was musing over the occurrences of the day. He had had many opportunities of seeing Elvira; for he and some of his workmen had often been employed in the wine-vaults of Alcôa to put the vats into proper trim ere the vintage set in, and more than once had he seen and spoken with the lady of Runa, and she would sometimes stand by for a few moments and look on. Vasco thought her beautiful, kind and gentle, as indeed all did who came in contact with her—and then he would think no more about her. But now, as he turned his back upon the quinta, strange thoughts unconsciously arose in his mind, and emotions to which he had been a stranger, caused his heart to throb violently. It seemed to him as if Elvira's beauty had undergone some unaccountable change: there was something in her look, in her very movements, which he remembered not to have seen before; there was that in her smile and in the intonation of her voice, which had heretofore escaped his notice, which had this day for the first time caused a thrill to pass through his frame. Vasco became elated, and dwelt with pride upon the thought that he had saved this beautiful creature from perishing. Had she not spoken to him in tones full of sincere gratitude? Had she not acknowledged that she owed her life to him? Had he not held that delicate form in his arms? But, as a straw placed before the ant while it glides along, will make it suddenly deviate from its course, so likewise the mere recollection of that moment caused a sudden change in the current of the cooper's meditations, and threw a damp upon his spirits.

"Away with such fancies!" murmured he in a tone of sadness, blended with something like sullen haughtiness; "what hath the low-born to do with the beauty of the noble's daughter, or with the fairness of her form, or the silver tones of her voice? His eyes must needs be like the mirror, that casts back the dazzling rays of the sun, denying them a passage; his ears must refuse their functions to the brain. Ay, the brain!" and his voice had sounded harsh and bitter to him who could have heard it; "of that ye would rob us, were it in your power, proud lords! But over its workings ye have no control; ye cannot stay it in its mighty action, nor keep its restless career within the bounds you would mark out for it. Ye may pluck out our eyes; lop our ears, noses, limbs; tear out our tongues; but you cannot touch our brain without also sending us to a better life." And then he continued his speculations in silence; and who can say but that many a thought that has exercised the intellectual faculties of a Plato, a Bacon or a Kant, may not also have flitted across the uncultivated but vigorous understanding of the humble cooper. The bitter words we have just heard him utter, were in nowise consonant to his habitual mode of reasoning; for hitherto Vasco had been contented with his lot, and proud of the results of his industry and perseverance; nor was he prone to pass an indiscriminate condemnation upon his superiors, as a class. It required a more than ordinary stimulation to put him in this frame of mind, and give such a bias to his thoughts.

The hum of voices in the village broke in upon his meditations, and in a few minutes he was at his own door.

After putting his mule in the stable, Vasco Peres entered his house, and there, to his surprise, found Dom Garcia de Cabreira waiting for him. The latter was a man between thirty and thirty-five years of age; somewhat tall, well made and good looking; but there was something in the expression of his brown eye which repelled, and might induce a prudent and observant person to be on his guard. Dom Garcia was the scion of a very ancient and noble stock, which could even boast of royal blood flowing in their veins; for the family of Cabreira claimed to have descended from Ramiro III., King of Leon, who reigned in the tenth century. At the death of his father, Dom Garcia, still very young, had come into the possession of large estates; but they were now all encumbered with heavy debts, in consequence of his extravagance; they were already so heavily burthened that he could no longer raise money on them. His usual abode, when neither at court nor at war, was his quinta of Valverde, some five leagues east of Alcobaça. He was accounted one of the most skilful captains in the King's army, and having arrived at Alcobaça two or three days before, at the head of a hundred and twenty knights and two hundred and fifty crossbowmen, he was now waiting for orders ere joining the main army. The abbot of Alcobaça had offered him the castle for the accommodation of himself and his troops, furnishing all that was requisite for their maintenance at the expense of the convent.

"Ah! Senhor Dom Garcia, this is an honor I did not look for," said Vasco, as he entered the room.

"Methinks, Vasco, that many days like this would make thy fat purse shrivel up, and turn thy busy workshop into a nest of lazy drones; the master's eye makes the horse fat, says the proverb. Beshrew thee, man, 'tis twice I've found thee out since morning, although the day has still two hours to run," said Cabreira, springing from his seat like a person who has been for some time impatiently expecting another.

"I trust your patience has not been taxed too far?"

"I have whiled away an hour, heaping curses on our foes, and putting up prayers to St. George in our behalf. By the way, it is lucky we have renounced Santiago and left him to the Castilians, else the good saint had been sorely puzzled how to succor both sides without taking the field against himself."

"It had, indeed, been a case hard to solve, even for a saint," replied Vasco, smiling. "But if your suit is like to have been heard, as I dare hope, then it is well I procured you this leisure, fair sir; not to mention that my delay was unavoidable."

"Ay, I have heard of thy gallant exploit, Vasco. Out upon dame fortune for a most freakish, perverse lady! That was a fair chance lost to me, for I swim like a duck; and it should have fallen upon me to have saved the life of one who is like to become my wife some day," said Cabreira, laying a stress upon the last words, as if he would have the cooper understand that such was his expectation. "But no! it must needs be thee, who can in nought be advantaged therefrom. In truth, I am sore vexed."

"Nay, Senhor," replied Vasco with a smile, in which something like a sneer was perceptible, "fortune should not be taxed when she scatters her favors, a kindness to which she is not very partial. Since you already possess the heart of Dona Elvira, and make so sure of her hand, wherefore grudge this service I was permitted to do her?"

"Because gratitude would have prompted her to oppose no further delay to our union," answered Dom Garcia.

"But it is given out that you are definitively engaged?" observed Vasco, putting on an innocent air.

"Undoubtedly—that is to say, there is a moral engagement, though no betrothment has taken place. The uncertainty of the times has induced Dona Elvira to postpone.—But this is nothing to the purpose; another object brought me hither, friend Vasco."

"I am at your service, Senhor."

"I would have thee lend me fifteen doubloons."

"How so! have you run through the ten I lent you on the day of your arrival?" exclaimed Vasco in a tone of astonishment.

"Had I not, I should not have troubled thee now," replied Cabreira very coolly.

"My lord, you are free to make what account you will of money; to scatter it abroad as you list, as that which is lightly got; or to see in the glitter of gold something too resplendent to be kept long under the eye. But he who labors through the day that he may feel the want of it, must needs view matters in a different way. Neither the times, which threaten the working man with ruin, nor the amount of my earnings would warrant me in advancing you such large sums for the future."

"How, sirrah! thinkest thou the loans will not be repaid? Dost thou forget that my father's bounty kept thine from starving more than once?"

"I have so far been mindful of it," said Vasco with dignity, "that I have lent you, within the last two years, more than twentyfold what my poor father ever cost the kind-hearted Dom Sancho. The total of your debt to me is no less than sixty-five doubloons."

"Thou talkest, forsooth, as if we were equals. A doubloon will go farther with one like thee or thy father than a hundred with one of my rank. Thou mightest as well weigh the crumb that satisfies the cravings of the sparrow, against what is devoured by the hungry eagle at a meal."

"Whereby you would imply that *my* debt is not yet paid?" said Vasco.

"Nay, I claim no debt; 'tis a fresh loan I ask."

"Tell me, Senhor: did you not request me to keep these matters from the world?"

"Undoubtedly; there was no reason why the world should know them."

"I thought as much, and I held my tongue; but while cautioning me, you showed but little caution yourself."

"What art thou driving at, man?"

"I would merely warn you that my men know that you have borrowed money of me, which amounts to saying that the whole place know it."

"Belike, thou hast been slyly boasting of this?" said the lord of Valverde, angrily.

"Nay, credit me, that is not my wont. You were your own tell-tale; you let the coin tinkle as you left my house two days ago. Besides, it seems this has been suspected for some time back."

"And where didst thou learn this?"

"In the workshop, from my own people. There are some among them with sharp ears and keen sight," replied Vasco.

"But of course thou didst deny?"

"My lord, Vasco Peres was never known to lie. I endeavored to treat the matter lightly, and to dispel their suspicions; but when they insisted, and flatly dared me to deny, I could not but admit that which I knew to be true."

"And is my character and dignity to suffer thus?" cried Dom Garcia, in a towering passion, while taking long strides up and down the room. "And am I to be the theme of village scandal! a topic for ill-mannered churls and gossiping old women! a by-word, to be taught their saucy, half-naked brats! Shall it be said that Dom Garcia de Cabreira, Lord of Valverde, the descendant of kings, was reduced to the necessity of begging a few doubloons from one of thy condition!"

"Senhor, if the pill be kept in the mouth too long, it must needs offend the palate. But yet your secret has been kept two years; and if it is out now, you have only yourself to blame. In truth, the best is never to do that which you would blush for the world to know."

"I came not hither to be tutored by thee, sir cooper! dost apprehend?" cried the fidalgo, furiously.

"Perfectly, noble sir," replied Vasco, ironically; "you would have me keep my counsel locked up, and my coffer unlocked, with its contents at your service."

"Trifle not with my anger, knave; else thou mayest rue thy temerity!" screamed the Lord of Valverde, as he seized a stick that stood in a corner, and raised it with a menacing gesture.

The eyes of the young cooper flashed fire, his brow contracted, the veins in his forehead began to swell, and his teeth were so firmly locked that the muscles of his jaw bones stood out. With folded arms and closed lips he steadily eyed the Lord of Valverde. There was such defiance in the look and the attitude of Vasco Peres, that an impartial spectator would have supposed that Dom Garcia thought it as well to provoke no further the storm which was brewing in the breast of the affronted plebeian; for, dashing the stick to the ground, his fury suddenly subsided, whilst his face assumed a sullen expression, as if he were vexed with himself. But the truth is, that Vasco's posture had not intimidated Dom Garcia, who, whatever his other faults might be, was no coward; it had only served to call him to his senses. He was the more vexed at his ill-timed outburst of passion that, though naturally of a sanguine temperament, he was used to have his irritability under such control, as but seldom, if ever, to let it run riot; at least not in the presence of others, whereby he was generally noticed for his coolness and nerve.

"Hark you, Senhor Dom Garcia," said Vasco, after a moment's pause, and in a stern tone of voice, "henceforth seek money elsewhere; none of mine shall again soil your hands. Not only have you borrowed the plebeian's coin, and then told him to his face that you deemed yourself dishonored therein, but you have ventured, in my own house, to call me a *knave*, and threaten me with a stick. It is well for you you went no further, for, as I live, 'tis like you had lost the most at that game."

"Come, friend Vasco; forgive a moment's irritation. What amends dost thou require? for I have wronged thee."

"This suffices," replied Vasco, with dignity.

"And now that we are friends again, wilt thou lend the money?"

"What, you repeat such a request, after what has been said!" observed Vasco, contemptuously.

"But it is urgent that I should have it; and I know not where to apply for it in this place."

Vasco seemed to reflect for awhile, and then said, in a decided tone:

"I'll let you have the money, on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you promise never to ask me for more."

"So be it, since it must needs be so. I'll trouble thee no more," replied Cabreira, who saw by Vasco's tone that there was no other alternative.

A few minutes later, the Lord of Valverde left the cooper's house, after having received the fifteen doubloons; and if we would know the motive that was strong enough to induce a proud man to humiliate himself in the manner described, we have only to follow his steps.

After crossing the bridge close by the convent, Dom Garcia walked on at a hurried pace towards the castle, which, as I have already stated, was situated on an eminence to the north of the village. About twenty minutes brought him to it, and having passed through several large apartments, he came to a small corridor, which led him into a moderately sized room, in which was a table surrounded by about a dozen individuals, and upon which might be seen several heaps of gold and silver coin. These were a few knights or squires belonging to the company of Dom Garcia, engaged at their usual afternoon pastime.

In those times, military discipline was very different from what it became more recently; nor was the limit which now separates the officers of the higher grades from those of the lower observed at the period of this story. There were then no regular armies; for the first innovation of the kind, made by Charles VII. of France, some two score years before, would scarcely come up to our notion of a regular, disciplined army. In time of war, most men were expected to take up arms, according to the exigencies; hence the *esprit de corps* was a feeling unknown to any breast, and social rank alone determined the amount of consideration each man might claim. The reader will not therefore be surprised to learn that several of those present were simple knights or squires without any special command, though all of them were of illustrious and noble birth.

"Hold, Nuno Viegas! here comes Dom Garcia," cried one of the players to a young man, who was rattling the dice as if on the point of throwing them.

"Ah! Garcia, better late than never," said Nuno, familiarly, as he paused; "seeing thy run of bad luck, we feared thou wouldst fail us."

"Nay, you shall know me better. I'm no runaway; nor does the spirit of the trader, who ventures nought against blind chance, move in me. Come; it gives me promise to see thee caster, Nuno; thy throwing often favors me. There, I'll lay this with thee;" and the Lord of Valverde put down five doubloons.

"Agreed," answered Nuno, rattling the dice in the box.

The game, which had been for a moment interrupted, soon warmed up again. Nothing was heard but the rattling of the dice, the deadened sound with which they fell upon the table, the proposal and acceptance of the bets in a few laconic words, or an occasional curse from a loser who hadn't his temper under his control. But if little was to be gleaned from the voices of the gamesters, the play of their features spoke volumes. Here might be seen the anxious gaze of a loser, as he eagerly watched in order to catch the first glimpse of the dice as they fell from the box, his eyes protruding from their sockets, his brow ruffled, and distilling cold drops of perspiration, his nostrils quivering, his lips slightly apart, as if ready to utter an oath or a cry of joy. Yonder stands another; the smile is upon his mouth, his eyes glisten with delight, his countenance betrays the hight of satisfaction; he has been winning heavy stakes; but lo! the fatal dice fall, the color recedes from his cheeks, and disappointment, almost dismay, alights upon his face—he has lost. But he soon rallies, doubling his stakes, for he still trusts in his run of good luck. Yet there were a few who stood calmly by, their eyes alone indicating that they took any interest in what was going on; and, however much the inner man might be moved—as much, perhaps, as those that allowed their feelings to appear on the surface—a spectator who had not followed the course of the game could not have pronounced with any certainty whether they were winners or losers. The most conspicuous of these was Garcia de Cabreira. There were occasions when the others were off their guard, but Cabreira was impenetrable.

At first his fortune had fluctuated; he had won and he had lost, won and lost again, but not a muscle of his face was seen to move. There was a moment when he was at the lowest ebb. Many others with a like resolution, but less schooled in the arts of self-control, might have acted as Cabreira did, though with every sign of desperation; whereas he, with a quiet smile and the utmost composure of manner, took the three last doubloons, which was all that remained to him, and laid them out at a single venture. He won; he doubled his stakes, and won again. Fortune now seemed to prosper him. About an hour had elapsed since Cabreira had joined the play; something like a hundred doubloons were next to him, the result of his winnings; he had just laid a heavy stake, and the caster was preparing to throw, when the door opened, and an attendant entered the room.

"There is one without who waits to have speech of my lord," said he, addressing Cabreira.

"I will consent to see no one at present, unless he be a messenger from the king, the constable, or my lord the abbot, or the lady Dona Elvira," added Dom Garcia.

"I think he comes from none of them, Senhor; he only bade me deliver you this ring," continued the servant, advancing and handing a gold ring to the lord of Valverde.

The latter took it and examined it closely; as he did so, a look of surprise was perceptible on his face, but was instantly checked. Then, rising, he begged of the company to excuse him, and to go on with their play without waiting for him, as he might possibly be detained. Finally, requesting Nuno Viegas to take charge of his money, and to give him an account of the result of the bet he had pending, he left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

"Vice ruleth where gold reigneth."

Giving orders that the messenger might be conducted to his private apartment, Cabreira repaired thither himself, and a few minutes later a young man was introduced, dressed in the usual habit of the peasantry.

"Thou comest from João Gonçalves de Ataide? And who art thou? for, now that I observe thee more closely, thy looks belie thy habit," said the lord of Valverde, after the servant had retired, closing the door behind him.

"The ring assures you who it was that dispatched me hither: my name is Vicente de Morão, and I am squire to João Gonçalves; this

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grab was put on as a shield against detection," answered the other.

"And what message do you bring, Senhor Vicente?"

"First, I was charged to ask whether you would consent to meet João Gonçalves?"

"Most assuredly; I would gladly embrace my old and esteemed friend, if he thought he could venture without danger into these parts, and still more willingly if he came to Joinville, and become again my companion in arms. But I learn that the king has declared Gonçalves an outlaw, only this morning. João Gonçalves must be with him, I suppose?"

"You are right in one point, Senhor; we arrived at Lorin a little after sunrise, for we marched over night so as to avoid the encounter of hors ordonnance. But João Gonçalves lies left Lorin, and is now close at hand."

"Where is he, then?" asked Cabreira, earnestly. "Why did he not come with you?"

"Why, Senhor, you well know that he is of fiery nature, and had he come in the midst of these people, he might have been recognized even under disguise, so he sent me, by way of stronger here."

"Even true. And know you what he wants with me?"

"Of that I am ignorant; he only bade me tell you that, if you would join him, you will find him at the old mill of Freitas Vargas; he was ascending the hill when I left him."

"I know the place. You can depart, Senhor Vicente, and when you see him, tell him I will be to the spot to meet my friend. No better time could have been chosen, for I am alone in my house. Here, take back the ring. Farewell to you."

A few minutes after the departure of the last spoke, the lord of Valverde, thirsting for success his shoulders, slid into the saddle.

João Gonçalves de Araujo, a true Portuguese fidalgo, who, from the first, had joined the party maintaining the cause of the king of Castile, a prince that of his consort, Dona Beatriz. Part of his lands lay near, and on the north of, Lorin lage, where he had usually made his abode before the breaking out of the war. Some of his childhood sprouts, he and Cabreira had been friends and companions until their fortunes had separated them. They were also of about the same age.

The place of rendezvous was an old, ruined windmill, long since abandoned, situated on the top of an eminence lower than those to the north and south, and further to the north than the latter, being, moreover, hidden by a wooded copsing where they were both connected by a ridge, which, taking a curve to the eastward, ended from summit to summit. It was across this ridge that Cabreira directed his course, reaching a path which, from its appearance, seemed to be much used. A short walk brought him to the mill.

It was now quite dark. The stars were shining, but their dim, uncertain light barely sufficed to prove to the sightseeing whether any part of the height was a desolate waste, unfit for the thoughtless or the hero, from the rocky nature of the soil. As Cabreira arrived upon the little esplanade or platform on which the mill, a figure issued from the latter, and advanced towards him.

"Garcia?" said the figure, in a low tone.

"João Gonçalves?" answered the new comer. The two friends embraced each other, and words of greeting were exchanged on both sides.

"As I live, I should not have recognized thee, even in broad daylight," continued Gonçalves, surveying his friend, who, like Vicente de Moura, had disguised as a peasant.

"Hush! thou must no more call me Garcia on the road as we jogged on, bestriding our hard-worked mules, I warrant thee thou hadst been on the eve of the noblest church by a good ever fallen upon," replied João Gonçalves.

"And pitchen, said you? Have you as far as to put thee in such unbecoming gear?"

"A most urgent matter, Garcia."

"Hold! Let us first make sure there are no fellows or eavesdroppers about," said Cabreira, proceeding to cast a searching look around, and examining every place in which surprise.

"Oh, for that matter, have no fear, will his companion, in a reassuring tone; "I have been here more than half an hour, constantly on the rather rebuked Vasco. For the rest, his oath is hearty jibes as that once used by Sancho in this way, and this is what made me pitch upon it for our meeting." Then, as soon as Cabreira having satisfied himself that no one was about, returned to him, he continued: "Where we parted, then went varnishing between Castile and the Alcaide of Yanes, but then never succeeded of helping to make a king of the hunted João; nor surely did any take it, then, that the king of his ambition extended to a crown."

"Even so; we made no doubt but that then protector of the Kingdom meant to hold it in trust, adding the crown of his brother Don Castile," replied Cabreira.

"But when his true design leaked out, how came it that then didst permit to consent by him? Once all hope was gone for João of Viseu, how he and his cause were to fall within the narrow compass of a dungeon; when only two competitors remained, how he could the rightful successor to the late king, the other without any lawful claim, unless some one will only make him an usurper; how cons I, I say, that then didst not instantly seize by the reins and urn in defence of the legitimate cause, standing up for then Beatriz?"

"Sparing all discussion," replied Cabreira, "I promise by asking thee in my turn, João Gonçalves, whether thou dost remember the day on which I sought to know what course I meant to elect the cause of Castile and refuse to bind thyself to that of João of Viseu, while holding that he had the better right? Methinks that didst make answer to this effect, that Castile was the stronger of the two and most likely to prevail; yea, more, that didst try to work me to go with then. Say I well?"

"It may well be," answered Araujo; "but why this?"

"To let thee know that our aim was the same; those didst trust them to me, that I came to put my trust in João of Avis. It was the reign of Johnes that decided me."

"I admit that at the time such a conclusion was plausible; but what might be now? Dreest thou think the landlord of then most fickle low the gazette nor can cope with the sordid ranks and numerous sagacious Castile is bringing to bear against them?"

"By my troth, I can hardly tell then what I think; 'tis a very debatable question, and one I've put to myself more than once of late. Your forces are the larger, more than four times ours —I have it from a good source; but the best captains are on our side. Of your three chief captains two are Portuguese; Don João Alfonso Tello, Count of Barcellos, en spilt a lance as fairly as most good knights; but mechinks he can lay no higher claims as a commander. Don Pedro Nuñez Pereira, grand-master of Calatrava, judging by his merits, might without disparagement serve as equire to the constable, his brother. Touching the Castilian, Nuñez de Guzman, grand-master of Alcantara, he is not much better as a leader. Then, as to the constable, his noble abilities, and above all his muscle to be found? Then there is Vasconcello and Antão Vasconcello, also."

"And Ulprit, Garcia, by no means the least of them," said Aiaide, breaking in upon his friend's speech.

"Nay, then wouldst rate me too highly; but let this pass; and have no not besides Don Nuño Alvarez Pereira, and Don João de Almeida, I shall I bear it back to Lobin?"

"Not much in respect of prowess, though he be my liege lord. Nevertheless, he who wants large odds on his side has a fair promise of victory."

"There's the point; 'tis this that makes the issue doubtful.

"I might tell then that which, perad'venture, would make it less doubtful to my mind, Gonçalves," said Aiaide in an imperious tone.

"If thou hast wherewith to sharpen my understanding it were the part of a friend to come to the task at once, João Gonçalves."

"His son the grand-master means to impede us on our way south? 'tis so false on his part?" replied Gonçalves.

"It were madness in him to let you reach Lisbon," replied Cabreira.

"Consequence is liable to inevitable; for he shall not remove our steps."

"It is possible that what we all expect."

"Now, thinkest thou not, Garcia, that this battle will prove decisive?"

"Most undoubtedly; the winner will have it in his hand to secure the crown of Portugal. Besides, Joan of Castile could not bring such reserve army to the support of her cause."

"And João of Avis is now on his last venture," added Gonçalves.

"It is even as thou sayest."

"So it is unexpected in most things," said Aiaide, "nor let us consider this, and see if the present position of affairs will not be favorable to the day, so will have little to give to those who despair for it; for such lends a new lustre to the undertaken, have been fortified, and made out of them disposed of. But victory would bring with it a new harvest to Castile. Many provinces would be seized, proving a plentiful source whence this land could be enriched, and which not impoverishing himself. Might not the promise of his cause be made to fall in by a writing, upon the eyes of the doubtful, or at least give him an impression which would be favorable to the barrens, especially supposing one whose all is to be won with the sword, and who has little or his lot in name?"

"That then warrant for putting these hypotheses, or is this merely idle talk, João Gonçalves?"

"Well, suppose I had full warrant?"

"Is the knowledge of this important? well, let it pass—I will follow thy example and suppose also. Supposing, then, that I am sure that as those here represent, I should say a more favorable view of the matter to my cause?"

"And granting it were more than a promise—a pledge or some other bond and tangible—it could be offered?"

"That might alter the case, and solve it worth the while for some to listen to it."

"And wouldst then harken to a like proposal?"

"Even were I not to harken, I must hear it; of all our enemies I should deem you the most likely to the least subject to volition," was Cabreira's answer.

"Then I need not blit then listen. I'll speak and hear. Among those who have declared for the claims of the constable; the king means to remain in possession of the lands and revenues of their former possessors; but then best only a words to any and all in the power of his hand."

A pause of a few minutes ensued. This betokened either suppressed Cabreira's highest expectations; for the constable's possessions were, when then, very extensive. The Lord of Valverde was struck by an unexpected thought. If he was a sorcerer; he loved not money for money's sake; he loved it because he could not do without it; he had contented need of vast sums to satisfy his extravagancies, and to keep up his consequence as possess at court. His heart glowed with delight at the proposition unexpectedly held out to him; an eager, feverish, vehement desire seized upon the whole being, and he was on the point of a cry that was confined to the secret recesses of the heart when a low, deep voice gave to the first expression of his feelings.

"And what would I have? I should have to say I asked he si longin, in a quiet tone of voice.

"Perhaps thou hast a wish?"

"And the army?"

"Even so," replied Aiaide, predicting a parchment scroll, with a heavy waxen-seal dangling from it. "I am the bearer of saying the royal seal and signature, whereby Don João, the King of Portugal, confederates about ten thirds of the constable's lands, with seventy principal towns thereof by name, and makes them over to then and his heirs forever."

"Now, what does the king expect me to do, Aiaide? I perceive that he wants to buy then fidelity?"

"Because Joan does full justice to thy worth, Garcia; thy high reputation is not unknown to the king, and every valiant soldier is highly prized. He does not will then to join him for the present, but he could not wish to have the power to better command he would with, and thy known merit, warrant, an assurance that following the royal seal and signature, whereby Don João, the King of Portugal, confederates about ten thirds of the constable's lands, with seventy principal towns thereof by name, and makes them over to then and his heirs forever."

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"There's the point; 'tis this that makes the issue doubtful.

"I might tell then that which, perad'venture, would make it less doubtful to my mind, Gonçalves," said Aiaide in an imperious tone.

"If thou hast wherewith to sharpen my understanding it were the part of a friend to come to the task at once, João Gonçalves."

"His son the grand-master means to impede us on our way south? 'tis so false on his part?" replied Gonçalves.

"It were madness in him to let you reach Lisbon," replied Cabreira.

"Consequence is liable to inevitable; for he shall not remove our steps."

"It is possible that what we all expect."

"Now, thinkest thou not, Garcia, that this battle will prove decisive?"

"Most undoubtedly; the winner will have it in his hand to secure the crown of Portugal. Besides, Joan of Castile could not bring such reserve army to the support of her cause."

"And João of Avis is now on his last venture," added Gonçalves.

"It is even as thou sayest."

"So it is unexpected in most things," said Aiaide, "nor let us consider this, and see if the present position of affairs will not be favorable to the day, so will have little to give to those who despair for it; for such lends a new lustre to the undertaken, have been fortified, and made out of them disposed of. But victory would bring with it a new harvest to Castile. Many provinces would be seized, proving a plentiful source whence this land could be enriched, and which not impoverishing himself. Might not the promise of his cause be made to fall in by a writing, upon the eyes of the doubtful, or at least give him an impression which would be favorable to the barrens, especially supposing one whose all is to be won with the sword, and who has little or his lot in name?"

"That then warrant for putting these hypotheses, or is this merely idle talk, João Gonçalves?"

"Well, suppose I had full warrant?"

"Is the knowledge of this important? well, let it pass—I will follow thy example and suppose also. Supposing, then, that I am sure that as those here represent, I should say a more favorable view of the matter to my cause?"

"And granting it were more than a promise—a pledge or some other bond and tangible—it could be offered?"

"That might alter the case, and solve it worth the while for some to listen to it."

"And wouldst then harken to a like proposal?"

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LITTLE SPIRIT.

Little spirit, will you come
From your home so high and bright
And dispel the heavy gloom
Lying round me like the night?

Oh, to see you near me now,
Little spirit, fair and meek,
And to feel your gentle hand
Smooth my cold, and on my cheek!

Little spirit, do you love
Mine and better in your sphere?
Have you smiles and tears above
Any that we know of here?

Are you white flowers for?
Answer you as much beauty wears?
May no shadow mock you there
From your fear and cold of days?

Little spirit, can you hear
My low questions, in the day
Can you in my soul draw near,
And its longings purify?

Ed. Mora.

MY UNCLE'S WILL.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"JOHNNIE is nine years old to-day," my mother said, looking at my father, with glossy smiling eyes.

Child as I was, I felt that my birthday was no festival season to my parents. I colored and shrank abashed at my father unseen, with a glare of sinister anger rage in his eyes:

"And we have yet nine years to wait! Nine ages in this abode of desolation!"

"Yes, and what an ugly little creature it is," my mother rejoined, lifting her eyeglass languidly to look at me, then dropping it with almost a shudder, and raising her fine eyes with an expression, half-indignant, half-forgiving, toward the ceiling.

My father muttered something about the uselessness of showing off "airs" in such a spot, and then both were on calling their guests, as if they had not come that cruelest wrong of inflicting a mysterious, but terribly poignant, pang upon the heart of an innocent child.

As soon as I could, I crept away from the table to ponder in solitude the one thought that oppressed me. Why did my birthday always cast such a shadow of gloom over the household? What was that goal, nine years away, so anxiously awaited? I, then, a mere ugly or my mother's bad impulse—would every one who saw me shudder at the sight?

A misery burden this, of thought for a head that but nine years had passed over, but I was to be borne alone, for I had no friends, no confidants, no childish playmates. I was shunned with my parents and two old servants, as harsh and silent as they, in that desolate old house on the wide flat near the sea. I had never known any other home, though I had frequently, in dreamy words, dropped from my parents' lips as they impatiently chafed this hybrida name, or uttered them to this seclusion, that much of their lives had been spent in far different scenes.

I longed for love, for the caresses the fond care that other children received but which had never been bestowed upon me, and had not passed the boundaries of childhood before I gained the assurance that my sole consequence to my parents arose from the fact that I was in some way the instrument by which they were to be released from their hateful seclusion, and restored to the position and condition from whence they had fallen. How this was to be accomplished, I was not told, but I somehow learned that it gave me power—the substitute I was forced to accept for a child's true influence in the home circle.

As I grew older thoughts and sullen mists of childhood vanished. The agues and terrible fevers, born of the foul mists and marshy exhalations amidst which I lived, tortured me no more. My form rounded into symmetry, my face grew fair, and my cheek was blooming. My mother ceased to shudder and cast appealing glances to Heaven in sight of my ugliness, and my father no longer strode though impatient, pronounced the hateful sentence that I "would do."

The mystery of my life was not yet explained, but my eighteenth birth-day approached, and I had been too long taught to look forward to that as an important era of my life, to doubt that the solution would not be long delayed.

As I was now the old cook's only associate as much as sorrow means would permit, both as to his exercise and his mental needs. My mother and myself had now dresses from home, and my father at evening appeared in the unvoated luxury of a dinner toilet, and appeared at table in the garb of a gentleman instead of that of a game-keeper.

A week before my birth-day I found, on going down, a stranger standing with my father before the breakfast-room fire. My father came forward and saluted me with a nod, as my mother either failure do since, but on he had never done before; and then he presented me to my "cousin Claude Leveridge, who had arrived late last night."

We had never had a guest in our house before, and, prepared as I had been for events, I greeted the stately man who bowed before me with a courtesy as proud as his own. I doubt not, but with an awkward blush that I felt crimsoned cheek and brow, and recoiled in the next hand that, in obedience to my father's sign, I held in his.

He addressed a few sentences of light indulgence to me, then turned to address my mother as she entered. As he bent over the fair hand she offered him, I saw that he was not very young. Time had thinned his locks and left many a silver thread among the dark hair and ples, while deep lines marked his face, and wrinkles seemed about his eyes.

I knew well that this guest, this hitherto unknown cousin, was somehow connected with my fate. I began to wonder if that fate, I doubt me away from my dull, sorrowful home—if we all should go—if we, my father, wife, and would establish us in a splendid house such as I knew my mother had inhabited in her youth, and that I thought in might harm me, perhaps daughter, whom I should ere call my own. But no, in fact, I quite adopted this latter theory, and resolved to ask him, at the first opportunity, why he had not brought them to visit us.

My father left us as soon as breakfast was over, and then my mother and our guest settled down to a long conversation about the people and the world from which the former had been so long banished. As I grew older, I found I could take no part in such topics, and I learned that Cousin Claude had resided in Europe for many years of his life, returning to his native city for brief visits. Still, when at home, he had mingled with the society my mother knew and known, and had much to tell her of it, and of his European experiences.

He spoke quietly of some scientific and some social triumphs he had attained. There was even a tinge of sadness in his tone as he mentioned them. My mother detected it, for she said, almost compassionately:

"Even in the midst of this career, Claude! you must have been lonely. It was not the life wholly fitted for you—it was no existence perverted, though not as ours has been."

"You speak truly, madam," he replied; "but," glancing at me, "I may soon hope to claim my reward, may I not, and you?"

"Hush," my mother said, hastily, and she held her hand upon me, and shook a warning glance toward where I sat, beside the window.

Their voices sank to whispers, and I rose and stole out of the room.

A terrible unrest seized me. I trembled in the anticipation of a revelation that settled me. I could not remain in our weed-grown garden, but ran, going on my head, started, to the full glow of the warm spring moonlight, at a furious pace along the high cliff road that led to the fields whither my father had gone. I meant to seek him and tell him that the time had come when I must and would know all—that I was no longer a child, nor to be treated as an irresponsible being.

What more I might have done or said I know not, for from out of the shadow of a tree my father's recreation was to be made.

Swiftly as I walked, a swifter step followed me—a man's long, firm stride, that exhilarated his lungs rejoiced at the pure night air, heard the sound, and turned, with a flushed face, to meet Cousin Leveridge.

"I have come to join you in your walk, and what a chance you have given me, Miss Graham," he said, smiling, but breathing fast from the pace in which he had walked. He fell in by my side, and began to talk to me quietly of things I well understood, then gravely. I felt as if he had been an acquaintance of years, and asked as well as answered questions.

"Why did you not bring your wife and daughters?" I said, at last.

He looked grieved, and looked steadily in my eyes.

"Are you serious?" he asked, after an awkward silence. "Have you really been kept in such ignorance, or do you mock me, my child?"

He turned away, and I heard him murmur: "No one could have given me, this grateful, this girl is like her?"

Did you not know that I have neither wife nor child?" he asked, turning to me again.

"No one ever told me anything," I answered: "Truly, no. You are an old as papa, and I thought perhaps you had been married, and that when I could know and love, for Indeed I am very lonely, sometimes."

"I have noticed. I have only myself. Do you know, then, what you are to me, child? You could ever learn to love me?"

There was a smile on his face, but a red glow mounted over it, and his troubled as he regarded me. My eyes fell beneath his gaze, but no ray of intelligence came to me.

"I am sure I shall love you, cousin, very much. You are the only one, except papa, who will you not to?"

"You shall never come here again," he answered; "but if you choose you can go away with me, and then I will tell you. Will you? think you could do that? Do you think you could be happy?"

I glanced at him in surprise. His wife—he was an old as papa, and I was a child—his desolate, in my seclusion, the thought of marriage was not associated with him. I was silent, and in silence until we came to the high ground where trees grew, and tempered the growing heat with their cool shade.

Beneath one of these, upon a fallen log, Claude seated himself, and I stood by his side, all the story of my strange life, and lifted the veil from the mystery that had hung around it. When he had finished he said, "Now you know all, Jeanne, and you will not be angry with many persons—their worldly prosperity—rests in your hands. If you will, do for us remain with us, your father and mother are angry provided for my own sake, I would not have you adopted for your happiness, you are in the hands of one who will know how to guard and care for you in all the untried circumstances of your new life, who will love you, I hope, fondly, and counsel you as a father. Dispassionately I have thought over your happiness, and in accepting me, because you hence large worldly prosperity to yourself and to others, you are bound in duty to consider, because you place yourself in your own proper sphere and station, I am a man of honor, and, I hope, of humanity, will distrust for the responsibilities your decision imposes upon me. I am not a young man, and I see a tint of selfishness in my words. Your young happiness I would not for worlds secure at the tempts me, and I question myself whether I should not rather leave you to find your youth to my declining years, though, without you, my life would be lonely. Take a positive parents, no small sacrifice to one who has been much alone for years. Consider well, and have I learned to feel all the embarrassments and perplexities of a child's strange life, as wishing."

He paused, and I, who had been receiving in silence all he had to say, answered, "I will, I can to accept you, then, before my eighteenth birthday, or all this wealth goes to swell the coffers of the state. A woman cannot be wealthy college; my parents are still poor, condemned to the dreary life they have led so many years. I am forever shut out from all hope of a higher earthly position. Is it not?"

He bowed his head.

"I may even claim," I said. "I will go to him, and to morrow morning I will inform you of my decision."

He kissed the hand I extended to him, then drew it within his arm, and we set off for home.

I shut myself in my room that day, and spoke to no one but Claude. To my mother and father I always regarded me—less as a child than as the instrument of their release from bondage.

They must be freed, I saw that, clearly, but the sacrifice was great, and I could not be decided the question quickly enough that I would be among my own, that I had had so little experience I should have known that my relations to a stranger, whom I loved, were yet so doubt whether I could love the husband I felt compelled to accept.

The next day the door old house was filled with strange luxuries—new dresses for my last my own, and I kept my sadness for the solitude of my own room. A week later, the day before I was my birthday, Claude went away. In another month papa and mamma left the old house, and forever.

I took up our abode in the splendid house where my uncle had lived his lonely, useless life. Here we were soon joined by a large list of town and society. I had young companions of my own age, and I found that I was not quite so low and frivolous. I had lived in thought, thy in the solitude of my childhood, and now that the young men no better. Claude grew daily in my esteem and affection. I learned to love him and to feel that I would secure me so kind and constant a friend. I learned to look upon and to feel that I would secure me so kind and constant a friend. I learned to look upon and to feel that I would secure me so kind and constant a friend. I learned to look upon

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

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WE always give the LARGEST in the estimation of the year, of the time for which it is paid, no matter if you wish to commence it with the first number of the volume, or with any number that may be published before the time expires.

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WE CANNOT CHANGE the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us the name of the Post-Office to which the paper has been sent.

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ONE DOLLAR TERMS.—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5; four copies, $8; seven copies, $15. Postmasters and others who may desire to act as agents for the Ledger, can have it for $3 per copy who sends us $12 for 4 copies (or $15 for 5 copies, and so on—$3 per copy). Terms, invariably in advance. We make no deviation from the above terms. Address Canada subscribers must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which must be kept always on every paper. The name of all agents paying $10 in Canada will be entered on the Ledger, and the paper sent to them. Money in bills current, as a gift present for the generosity of the man of money to deal. NOT—The money on remitting agents.

"THE WHITE TERROR."

Our readers will doubtless remember the pleasure with which they sometime since perused in the LEDGER the stories of *"The Lost Bride"* and *"The Mysterious Marriage,"* which met with such unbounded popularity. We have received many letters from our readers, asking us when we were going to give them another story from the same popular pen; and it is with much gratification that we can now say to our power to announce that in the next number of the LEDGER we shall begin a story by the authoress referred to—MRS. DUPUY—entitled, "THE WHITE TERROR," which is one of the most weird, strange and exciting Tales we ever read. It is full of romance, witchery, mystery and terror; and the young, lovely and beautiful heroine is one of the most bewitching creatures whose adventures ever thrilled the human heart, or whose sufferings ever aroused a sympathetic reader's eyes with tears.

OUR HARBOR OF LATE.

New York harbor, beautiful as it is at all times, has lately presented scenes unusually animated and picturesque. The departure of the anchor, the other day, a powerful fleet of a dozen ocean steamers, all in the service of the United States, preparing to convey a portion of them to the great Expedition. Three vessels, black and grim, were moored close together, at half a mile from Castle Garden, which is now so much a part of the city as to be within call of another. Floating about among the ships were many one-of-a-kind, trade, ice-cream and liberal-order (to speak in the retired Romeric style) as well as unique steamboats carrying off little mercantilities of baggage and small stores. The great flag-ship, with its line of pendants, was farther off than the rest of the fleet, indicating that it was to be the leader of the flotilla; and, as in the way up the Hudson River might be seen a hundred large steamers, each of which was not enough went in to to enable them to get clear of our dangerous coast. Lower down in the bay was a great number of vessels newly arrived, brought in by the easterly winds, the captains of which had no notion of giving their crews a chance to slip off into the town by coming too close in shore. The odious hulks of the Rodney moored below saw such a display of shipping in the harbor. The crew-boats from Albany were obliged to get rid of the greater part of their train in order to get from the river into the either.

There are other signs of war about the harbor. The green slope of Governor's Island is dotted with the tents of a regiment, who guard the prisoners taken at Hatteras. The prisoners may be seen peeping through the portholes of the old red fort, and strolling about the shore, clad in a great variety of costumes. They evidently have the luxury of looking out upon the most lively and beautiful scene in the world, whatever they may need in the way of necessaries. At Bedloe Island guns are several camps, and a general appearance of military preparation. Fort Lafayette, at the beginning of the Narrows, completely surrounded as it is by water, has a great privileged uncomfortable public look. But its inmates can never want for amusement while daylight lasts, as the entire foreign commerce of the port glides past the harbor under the guns of Lafayette.

Another warlike spectacle is afforded in the harbor by the large steamboat loads of troops that are daily transported on the right of the ancient port of Amboy. Upon a day of sunshine, this has an exceedingly brilliant effect.

WALKS IN THE WOODS.

The flowers of Autumn have died on their stalks, but the woods have burst into bloom. The woodlands are crowded with gay, glowing wreaths, and ever drifting through the silent spaces, the glorified leaves of the maple, the ash, the hickory and the ash—flame-colored, crimson, crimson, purple and unbounded fattening to the ground, already sprinkled with them or with many-tinted flowers. We would lament the loss of Summer's rose, could he always make so fair a shift amid such beauty and magnificence as Autumn displays in the woods withal. There is nothing to compare with this effervescence of decay, in all the abounding bloom which Nature bestows upon floral vegetation in the vigor of its prime.

And how delicious the woods smell at this season—how sweet. In spite of the destruction leaves were embalmed. And as you wander along, that feathered spirit, the musical, scarcely crossed woodpecker, flits beside you from one dry tree to another, loading his tattoo at every resting place. The robins have not yet met in solemn conventions and determined to start for Dixie's land. Their crimson and orange breasts vary yet to rove in the woods, and the pigeons are at their full feast of acorns. As to the squirrels they are holding jubilee over the nuts. So there is something to be seen in the woods, besides rainbow leaves.

We know of no finer thinking place than the forest at this season. It is a place for self communing, for deep meditation. "The groves were the first temples," we are told. The woods with their tall columns and natural aisles, their great arches and solemn cloisters, no doubt suggested the first idea of Church architecture. But how much of hard are sculpture and marring compared with the flowery lines and living beauty of the consolidations of the "grand temples," fashioned, disabled, bonnilled by the Omnipotent Architect. Let us (still) these wonderingly, reverently, and adore their author in a twofold human disbelief upon a walk through the radiant sunsets, in the Autumn of the year!

ECONOMY AND FASHION.

Necessity is sometimes a useful instructor, and she is at present engaged in teaching the ladies of New York and other cities how to dress economically and yet fashionably at the same cost. We venture to say that their expenses for the Fall and Winter fashions this year will not be much more than half what they were in 1860, and we are sure that the heavy bankers of Broadway look lovelier than they do now. Lenox and Furs do not exhibit this economy; but this is of small consequence. Retrenchment is the order of the day, and we are glad to see that the ladies recline its importance in these times of crisis. We have no doubt they are considered to find how much money may be saved by a little ingenuity and painstaking in the dressing and millinery business. A dress that cost them a year in pin-money is really not indispensable to a fashionable appearance, and the ladies indeed will do just as well. It is not necessary to wear up the skirts of the dress in front and brocade; merinos, valencias and warm, comfortable cottons are quite as proper as silks for the purpose, if the work must be done. If it were safe to make a suggestion on the subject, we might advise that this kind of browning but better be dispensed with altogether, and that fashion would take a rest or two in her ample wardrobe and wear longer and plainer. She is draggled at the base. Our women have the greatest faith in the world, and their husbands have no right to smother them—all of which we humbly submit to the collective wisdom of the fashionable world, for grave consideration.

HIGH-LIFE SHOBBERY.

We are constantly hearing of the "pâtrial dwellings" of New York; which term is often spoken of with a degree of reverence and an air of enlightening that seems to make the honor and glory of the country mainly depend upon them. Many of these pâtrial dwellings we live in Assam, our never exhibit sufficient grief, which would be the "moroseal pittance" of these pretentious edifices. Now, these pâtrial residences may be very fine things; we surmise they probably need a presumption, because we never lived in one of them; still, we think that when a "pâtrial dwelling" is built, hired or hired some one to build for him, a "pâtrial dwelling," he should be content to work it resolutely and unsensationally, and not be shouted from the house tops, every time it is seen a Museum or a Hippodrome, nor engage a reporter to describe the architecture, the upholstery, the pictures, the statuary, the "princely and lordly" style of "splendid" living. Now, to us, that people who can resort to such "shoddy tricks," must dwell in houses not at all like "pâtrial dwellings," and that they would to much more at home in a tent or wigwam.

THE HUMAN MACHINE.

Notwithstanding the numerous methods of misbering the human system which modern invention is daily and hourly bringing to our notice, fists as it did when the bowling arc was in its infancy. Pugilistic science, in its improvements in surgery, but the practice of medicine, is passing by. Modern science will not allow it kills as often and cures as seldom as it did a hundred years ago. We are in the midst of one of the most distinguished modern practitioners, and we have not yet heard of a single death. Abernathy, the ordinary modes of treating diseases are in many instances not merely useless, but dangerous. Where, indeed, is the mummy of those celebrated men, in not unfrequent instances, the very best physicians, who led to heroic, who would throw off the malady and restore him to his usual health and vigor, the patient. Washington was the victim of medical ignorance, and Lord Byron, or will assert that was the eminent Berlinian statesman, County Bismarck. They were not aware of the deadly weapon more fatal in the hands of some moderns than the Bowie knife—a Maud rifle in the hands of a soldier.

"BREAD AND BUTTER."

If the harvest-fields from Europe be authentic, American breadstuffs to a large amount will be required to feed its hungry millions. The grain crops of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain and Portugal, are said to be one-third less than the average crops, and the deficiency must therefore be supplied from our superabundance. Butter and cheese will also be in demand in all the continent during the ensuing winter, and breadstuffs will therefore be in great place. Fortunately our granaries and corn cribs, heaped with the products of the most abundant harvest ever known, excent for the wants of the transatlantic world. We are now prepared to supply the world with half a million of dollars' worth per week, and this amount would soon be largely increased if we set out trenching upon the store which should be reserved for home consumption. Under the circumstances neither England nor France can afford to blockade our ports, and the worst they do so would be literally to quarrel with their bread and butter.

THE LEDGER of next week will be printed on electrotype plates taken from the new type, and expressly for it. When the electrotype system to the small letter "Fenny" is in full vogue, it was thought that one font of type would last almost forever, as it would be used only to make the electrotypes from, and never be subjected to the wear and tear of printing. Indeed, the electrotype circulation compels us to take so many sets of plates every week, that our type soon becomes worn out simply by that work alone, so that we have a new font of type in use every week, which do not resort to electrotyping, have to renew their type very soon. Hence, type is a great, however, and its circulation keeps constantly a prodigious figure, but we can dispense of frequently renewing our type, and as it is in fact, is *comparatively* a trifling affair, and one that we shall never hesitate for an instant to incur, when we think it will be of the slightest benefit to our paper and its myriad readers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1861.

MR. BONNER:—I see an article in the Tribune the other day signed "FENNY FERN." How is this? Have you no reporter sitting in the Tribune that fits distinguished authoress writes for no paper but yours?

The article you saw in the Tribune signed "Fenny Fern" must have been a forgery, as we have a contract with her to write exclusively for the LEDGER, and we know that she writes for no other paper. For any other person to assume her signature is, to say the least, a piece of most impudent effrontery.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND WALLENSTEIN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Count Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, enabled by his noble of war, was living in his palaces as Prague and on the Baltic, incurring in magnificence which even his emperor, Ferdinand II., was unable to rival. Ferdinand was his sovereign, however, stirring, with all the energies of his empire, to crush the spirit of religious liberty throughout Europe. The Protestants rallied beneath the banner of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Wallenstein much Gustavus had penetrated the heart of Germany, the Protestants from all Europe were rushing to his standard, and Ferdinand began even to tremble for his crown. Raising a large army, he appointed his son, Ferdinand, then only a young man of twenty-four years, to the nominal command, reposing Wallenstein to arm at his executive and advising general.

In 1631, the young prince, with various warrior, "no; I would not serve as second in command under Count Altringer."

The return of Gustavus as a warrior was such that the services of Wallenstein, who only rival in the military art, could not be dispensed with. Ferdinand therefore appointed him command, with ensuring energy he commenced operations. Altered his position, advancing from all parts of Europe crowded around him. Within a few months he had a vast army under and men in a high state of discipline.

Gustavus, the hero-king of victory, was advancing from the Rhine to the Danube. Wallenstein was marching to intercept him. Both armies met at Nuremberg. "I will whip him, like a truant schoolboy, back to his country with rods. I will soon settle the question whether Gustavus or Wallenstein is to be master of the world."

The Swedish king was at Nuremberg, with but twenty thousand men, when he heard of Wallenstein's approach with his vast army, three times outnumbering his own. Dividing up his retreat, he sent reinforcements, and prepared for battle. Wallenstein spread out his lines of battle, extending them over a space of ten miles. The tempest of battle was as when the Swedish king, with his cuirassiers, impetuous, and forced himself into the centre of the enemy's lines. Wallenstein, with his cavalry, was driven back within their lines, with the loss of their commander and their best troops.

The next midnight passed away of apparent inaction, while both parties watched an opportunity to renew the battle. The morning light of a gloomy sky revealed the fatal error of Wallenstein. Gustavus had been continually calling in reinforcements, while Count Altringer, with his division, was at Bamberg, and the hosts of Wallenstein were not allowed that but 30,000 were left to secure to the roll call.

Gustavus as knight diligently retired, followed by the whole of the enemy's army. Wallenstein's flanks commanders energetically accumulated regiments, and the battle was renewed with all the choice of a field of battle. They met at Lutzen, in Saxony, about fifty miles from Leipsic. The sun had shining behind the wintry hills, on the 16th of November, 1632, when the cold and stormy night of each other's banners. Both armies were drawn up in battle array, as the sun rose in the morrow. The morning was dark and lowering, and the fog hung heavily over the plain. No object could be seen at the distance of a few rods. Along the line the command the regiments and a scene was presented such as few eyes have ever witnessed.

Gustavus and Wallenstein were indispensably the two ablest captains of the age. Their soldiers were both veterans. Every officer and private of Lutzen was spread out for miles as exactly with regard to the opposing armies. A straight, wide road passed through the centre of Lutzen. They were about a mile apart, and two two miles in length, extended the army of Wallenstein, presenting a front of impregnable sides and redoubts, bristling with bayonets and artillery. The king of Sweden, with his cuirassiers, drawn battalion at the centre, while solid squares of infantry were drawn up on the wings of these columns. Forty thousand troops were in the positions that are now to be described.

Gustavus with about 80,000 men was upon the other side of the road. The two armies were in a parallel line. He had dispersed, along his whole front, large bodies of cavalry and heavy and columns of infantry, that he might be ready to meet any point in the enemy's centre with an attack. The two armies were hardly at the distance of cannon shot from each other.

And now both armies, in prayer, appealed to God for his blessing. The Catholic priests exhorted their troops to fight for the sacred cause of soldiers, and assured them that all who died in a cause so sacred as theirs would be received by the arms of an immediate admission to Heaven. The Protestant soldiers were led in prayer by the chaplains of Gustavus. They implored God's aid in their cause, and to bless the arms of the king of His truth. And then the whole Protestant host sang in unison the grand old reformation hymn, the Psalm, which Waits has so finely versified:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

When storms of dark distress invade
And fears our strength dismay,
Behold him present with his aid!"

From nearly thirty thousand voices this hymn floated in the air, a celestial anthem, to be had almost forever, as it was sung for the last time perhaps never was a battle fought on earth, in which each side felt that the issue was so momentous. Even the fallen angels, led by Satan, defeated upon the plains of Heaven, were not more sure, however, and its circulation keeps constantly a prodigious figure, that the success or failure of frequently renewing our type, and it is in fact, is *comparatively* a trifling affair, and one that we shall never hesitate for an instant to incur, when we think it will be of the slightest benefit to our paper and its myriad readers.

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THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 94.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

The progress of discreteisement marks the advance of age and decline. Our youth engages itself successfully in surrounding all things with the hues and proportions of the imagination. Mountains will never again be so large as to withstand, nor roads so long, nor stones so heavy, nor colors so bright, nor distances so limitless. When the ripe years, after years of absence, revisits the scenes of childhood, he is disappointed and disgusted. It is possible that this fickle sense, which was a handmaid to our youthful fancies, was created to fold!

In this the river—this thread of silver waterfront whose edge we used to look dancing into the current? And those immense trees, in whose presence we felt ourselves, and summer birds sang, can it be possible that, as my eyes tell me, so like? Once we thought it a feat to throw a stone up to the nearest branches; now, to jerk one over the top is a mere trifle. The wall is not so deep as it was. The pasture is not so large, the road to Aunt Bull's not so long, nor is the brook beyond where we watered the horse every day, nor to the orchard, nor to Mr. Melville's, nor their round to the pond!

In like manner do our wonder-ful books, and wonder-ful writings, and wonder-ful men and women. Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress have been held out, and are as engaging to later years as in earlier. But, even that incomparable master of the wonderful mysteries of wonder, the Arabian Nights, have lost their charm with us. We have been told by others to find this was a so-little interested where once we were so much interested. The Universe—the whole—the white storm, the children's smiles, the dark the sunset, and the sea and the seasons, are gone forever.

If we could array before our judgment now, the wide, the great, the strong men, that excited our youthful admiration, we should find that we should turn them all off as wordy and weak braggarts. A man in the village-store of the town could lift a barrel or cider and drink from the bung. Now we imagine what a time Samson would have had with such a performance. Or, in the days of the shekel, whether Samson with all his strength ever could have lifted a cider and drank said at long.

In these degenerate days of railroads, steamboats and telegraphs, we wonder that there were in our childhood. When the horn sounded for the long mile-stones, were the vast armies of the village, no matter where we were or at what hour, we were sure to run to it. Now we can't see the wonder of such absurdity. There came the circus, and the menagerie, and the one-legged stage—and, that great man, the stage-driver!

Then, the conversation of the village store we should have raised and chased the town over the hills, enough compensation for being under the command of a man so wonderful. Now, however, all the glory was ever swept like one of times, or driven out beyond, as has such supreme influence upon the children of the village, as the village-store was. Then, the village, no matter where we were or when we were, we could see the wonder of each observer

THE SONGS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Nightingale, singing so sweet, yet so loud
In the silver-edged breast of yon orient cloud,
Till it seems at a tremble with tender delight,
And all Heaven drinks joy at your murmurous flight—
Nightingale, tell us of what you thus sing,
As you leap still aloft on that song-thrilling wing?

"Of Beauty, of Beauty my soul sings alone,
As I soar to the sun-God and pine for his throne!"

II.

O Poet, thus singing so sweet, yet so loud
In the silver-edged breast of Humanity's cloud,
Till it flushes all over with glorious light,
And fled seems, at last, all the heart-folding night—
O Poet, of what do you rapturous sing
As you tremble still higher on ecstasy's wing?

"Of Beauty, of Beauty my soul sings alone,
As I soar to her God and would kneel by his throne;—
For Beauty's the garment of Truth, the divine,
The eternal for which I must evermore pine!"

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "[illegible] ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

"The doomed girl is silent,
I watch with her now,
And her pulse beats no quicker,
Nor flushes her brow.

"The small hand that trembled,
When last in my own,
Lies patient and folded
And colder than stone."

Malcolm paced up and down before the prison walls. The sky was "blind with a double dark" of night and clouds. The huge building itself seemed only a blacker shadow in the black scene. But not darker was the night without than the soul within the solitary watcher. Why did he walk there? Not only because he had promised Annella to do so. Not, either, with the faintest hope of saving the martyr-girl who lay within those strong walls awaiting her doom. No; but to be near her in her sorrow, to watch with her as we watch beside the dead. Who can estimate the anguish of that dark vigil? The deep-voiced clock at the top of one of the towers struck each hour in its turn, and each stroke sounded like a knell upon his ear and heart. He wondered if she heard them too, or if Heaven had blessed her with sleep in these last hours. If so, would to Heaven she might never wake to the horrors of the morning.

While these agonizing thoughts were lacerating his bosom, he raised his eyes towards the east wing of the building, in which she lay, and he was startled to see the gratings strongly defined against a bright, ruddy light shining within!

What was the matter that the deadly darkness of this massive structure, which an instant before had seemed but a shapeless mass of shadows piled up against the midnight sky, should now be illumined so ominously? Was she ill? dying? Heaven, in its mercy, grant that she might be!

But while he gazed with suspended breath, the lighted row of gratings suddenly darkened, and belched forth volumes of lurid smoke, pierced by tongues of flame!

THE PRISON WAS ON FIRE!

"Oh, Heaven! she might escape her impending doom, but only in perishing by the most fearful of deaths!—perishing by fire with hundreds of others!

He rushed to the gate, seized the iron handle of the bell that communicated with the door-keeper's room, and rang it loudly.

Another moment, and the great bell of the prison sounded from the tower, rousing by its deep-toned thunder all the sleepers of the neighborhood, while cries of "Fire! fire! fire!" burst in every tone of terror, anguish, and despair from the inmates of the burning building.

Still but another instant, and crowds of half-dressed men and even women, who seemed to have started up from the depths of the earth in the darkness of the night, came pouring towards the building. The great gates were opened—when, how, or by whom Malcolm scarcely knew. Bewildered by his trouble, he was carried with the crowd and hurried on until he found himself in the great hall of the prison.

Within as without, the most fearful panic prevailed. Warders, turnkeys, and door-keepers, roused from deep sleep by the horrid alarm of fire, hurried hither and thither like men bereft of their senses.

In the ward where Eudora's cell was situated the darkness was intense and the smoke suffocating. Malcolm, who had hastened thither, could scarcely breathe the air. While blindly making his way towards her door, from which he heard the voice of the wardress shrieking "Fire!" and "Help!" he *felt* rather than saw two figures meet in the darkness.

"Is that you, Nally?" demanded the voice of the first, which Malcolm recognized as that of the governor.

"Yes, sir," replied a husky, smoke-smothered voice.

"Take this key, then, and release the condemned prisoner. Slip these handcuffs upon her, and hurry her forward to the west-wing strong-room. Don't let her escape in this confusion. I must go and look after the poor wretches above," said the governor, in an agitated voice, as he hurried away to the other end of the lobby.

Malcolm groped along, keeping as near as he could to the figure that he still *felt* rather than saw moving before him. Screams of "Fire" and "Help" still came from the condemned cell, which now, like the lobby, was as dark as pitch. Malcolm came up with the other just at the cell door. He held his breath with suspense, but the invisible figure beside him breathed quickly and fiercely as they stood there together.

A panic of astonishment transfixed Malcolm as he felt that hot breath upon his cheek. An instant, and the cell door was unlocked and thrown open, and Mrs. Barton, distracted with fright, rushed out past them, to make good her escape from the burning building. Another instant and the mysterious figure, who had plunged into the darkness of the cell, issued forth, and dropped a light, soft burden upon Malcolm's breast, whispering fiercely:

"She is saved! Fly for your life and hers; look not behind you!"

Oh, Heaven! it was Annella's voice! And she had kept her word!

But he felt that there was not an instant to lose. Pressing the light form of the girl close in his arm, he ran along through the darkness and the suffocating smoke, through the lobby, and down the stairs, and out into the free air. The smoke, the darkness, the crowd, and the panic befriended him. He passed the bounds of the prison unobserved, and hurried on towards the thicket where his horse was tied. As he pressed through the dark crowd without, he heard many remarks.

"The fire broke out in the prison wardrobe-room, where they keep the clothing and bedding," said one.

"No one knows how it broke out," said another.

"They have saved all the prisoners, poor wretches!" exclaimed a woman.

"They'll soon bring the fire under, too," observed a man.

No one noticed Malcolm hurrying along with his beloved burden enveloped in a dark shawl. All eyes were fixed on the ignited building, upon the walls of which the fire-engines, which had now arrived, were playing freely.

Malcolm reached the thicket in safety. He sat down for a moment to rest Eudora and uncovered her face to give her air. He thought that she had swooned, but this was not so. She was pale, and weak, and limber, but breathing and conscious. She was the first to speak. Raising her eyes to his, she asked:

"What is all this? What has occurred?"

"You are saved, dearest Eudora!"

"How?"

"I scarcely know myself. Ask no questions yet, dear one, but rally all your strength to fly with me."

He placed her gently on a bank, where she could rest against the trunk of a tree. He led his horse to the spot, stooped and raised her to the seat before him, and rode slowly and carefully until he was out of the wood. Then putting spurs to his horse, he galloped swiftly towards the sea-coast. As his horse rushed onward Malcolm turned to look at the fire, and was gratified to see that the flames were certainly in process of extinction. With a lighter heart he galloped along the beach until at length he reached the cove, where his hired vessel lay at anchor.

Day was now dawning, and by its faint light they discerned the little boat upon the sands, and the vessel standing off a short distance from the shore.

Malcolm, leaving the horse to his fate, placed Eudora in the boat, pushed it off, took up the pair of oars, and rowed rapidly to the vessel.

The captain was on deck, ready to receive his passengers, whom he had been led to believe were only a pair of "true lovers" running away to be married.

"Poor young lady, but she is dreadfully faint," he said, as he received Eudora from Malcolm's arms, and bore her into the cabin, where he laid her gently upon the berths.

"She is; but rest and safety will restore her. When can you sail?"

"This instant! the tide has turned."

"UP ANCHOR!" shouted the captain, hurrying upon deck.

The anchor was raised, the canvas was unfurled to the breeze, and the little vessel sailed away upon the blue sea.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"For the soul of a sinner
Let masses be said;
The sin shall be nameless,
And nameless the maid."

Long and fearful was the watch kept by poor Tabitha Tabs, who had stationed herself at the back gate of the lawn to await Annella's return. As hour after hour passed away she grew more and more anxious. Where could the strange girl be? When would she come back? Would she ever come back? If not, what would be the consequences? Tabitha shuddered even to conjecture.

At length, when she had grown almost hysterical with suspense, anxiety, and terror, she was startled by seeing a light rising in the distance. It was the burning prison! It was too far off for her to hear the cries of "Fire," or even the alarm-bells, so she could not know what blinding was in flames; but the fascination of the fire, lighting up the midnight sky, kept her gazing open-eyed and open-mouthed, and forgetful of all her causes of anxiety. She would even have called up her fellow-servants to share the delight of this spectacle, but that she feared they would question how she came to be up and watching, and might thus discover the absence of Annella, who might even return while they were all enjoying the pageantry of this illuminated midnight sky.

While she still gazed upon the scene, with these thoughts revolving through her mind, there was a sharp rap at the gate, followed by the voice of Annella wildly demanding admittance.

"Lord sake, Miss Annella, I am glad you have come at last! I never spent such an anxious night in all my life. Wherever have you been? And you shall never go out in this way again with *my* connivance! And can you tell me what house that is a-fire?" inquired Tabitha, as she unbolted the gate, and put out her hand to draw in the returning fugitive.

But the hand she took was burning hot, and the words that replied to her were wild and incoherent.

Tabitha could not see the face of Annella, but she was greatly alarmed, and holding the hand of the excited girl, she hurried her on to the house, up the back stairs, and into her chamber. There she struck a light and looked at Annella's face. That face was fearful to behold. The cheeks were burning with fever; the eyes were blazing with frenzy.

"Good Lord! the girl is delirious!" cried Tabitha, in affright.

But, panic-stricken as she was, she had the presence of mind to undress Annella and place her in the bed, and put away all her clothing, and set the room in order before she gave the alarm. Then, indeed, she aroused the housekeeper, telling her that Miss Wilder was extremely ill and raving mad, and that a physician should be summoned at once.

Barbara Broadsides felt herself quite equal to such an emergency, and therefore declined to wake up her old mistresses before their accustomed hour. But she aroused Mr. Jessup, and dispatched him to Abbeytown to fetch a doctor, who arrived about the dawn of day. He pronounced the illness of Annella to be a most alarming type of brain-fever, and applied the proper remedies.

This was the beginning of a long and dangerous illness, during which the delirious girl continually raved of fire and floods, perils and rescues; but as no one but Tabitha in that house knew the secret of her absence that night, her talk was all considered to be the mere wanderings of a mind excited and deranged by fever, as, perhaps, it might have been.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Storm that, like a demon,
Howls with horrid note
Round the toiling seamen
In the tossing boat—
Drive her out to sea!

"Sleet, and hail, and thunder—
And ye winds that rave
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave—
Drive her out to sea!"

The little vessel sailed onward over the blue sea. She was bound for a small and distant port on the coast of France, but she made slow way against a wind almost dead a-head.

Leaving Eudora sleeping in the cabin-berth, Malcolm went on deck to get a little fresh air. While standing in the forward part of the vessel, he observed a man with his back turned and his head bowed upon his breast, in an attitude of deep dejection, leaning against the mast. Something in the general form and air of this man seemed half familiar and half alarming to Montrose. Unable to analyze his instincts in regard to this stranger, he beckoned the captain to approach, and inquired, in a tone of displeasure:

"Who is that man? How is it that you have taken another passenger, when I bargained for the sole use of the vessel?"

"Why, sir, he is not a passenger, but a hand I picked up at Abbeyport, to replace one of my men who is too ill for this trip," answered the captain.

"What is his name?"

"Antony More."

"Antony More!" repeated Malcolm to himself, as he walked up to the stranger, and confronted—Antonio Morio, the *soi-disant* seneschal of the Princess Pezzilini!

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature. What have you to say why I should not forthwith pitch you into the sea, Signor Antonio?" inquired Malcolm, sternly.

"This, Mr. Montrose!—that, so help me Heaven, I will not betray you, nor that sweet young lady in the cabin," answered the man, not in broken English, but in such good vernacular that it might have been his mother tongue.

"Why are you here?"

"That is my secret. Torture should not wring it from me. Pitch me into the sea if you like, Mr. Montrose! I'd quite as lief you would! I shall say no more."

Full of thought, Malcolm walked away from this man, whom he observed was as pale as death, and looked as if recently recovered from some nearly fatal illness.

"The wind is rising," said the captain; "I fear we shall have a gale."

Malcolm hoped not, and went below to carry such refreshments as the vessel afforded to Eudora. After she had partaken of them, she expressed a wish to go up on deck, and Malcolm assisted her to ascend.

"Oh, dear friend! if you could conceive the rapture of moving in wide space, breathing free air, and looking upon the boundless sea and sky once more!" exclaimed Eudora, sinking upon the couch of rugs and cushions that Malcolm had prepared for her upon the deck.

He sat down at her feet, and began to tell her of their destination, and that immediately upon their arrival it would be necessary for them to be united in marriage, and that then they would sail for America, and commence life together.

Eudora listened with calm delight.

But while they talked the wind was rising rapidly and lashing the waves into fury. The little vessel began to roll so heavily that Eudora was driven below for safety. Malcolm guided her down into the cabin.

The wind was now so high that they were compelled to take in the sails, and the voice of the captain was heard shouting at the head of the cabin stairs:

"For God's sake, Mr. Montrose, come up and help us, or we are lost."

Malcolm secured Eudora as well as he could, and hurried up on deck to render assistance.

The storm came on apace. The sky was now as dark as night. The froth-capped waves rushed like foaming steeds before the lashing of the wind.

The little vessel, driven back on her course, was forced to tack and scud under bare poles before the gale, and towards the coast from whence she had sailed but a few hours ago. All the afternoon the little craft, struggling bravely for her life, was driven furiously before the winds and waves.

As evening deepened, the sky darkened to a blacker hue, and the gale increased in violence. The captain and his mate never left the deck for an instant. Malcolm gave all the aid he could, but went below occasionally to reassure Eudora.

"I am not afraid, dear Malcolm. How could any one, who has passed through what I have, be afraid of anything else that could happen in this world? Go on deck and help to save the vessel, and think no more of me," was her constant answer.

Ah! she did not know that they were being driven swiftly back upon the coast of England, to which they were already fearfully near.

The night was now dark as the grave. Not a ray of light was to be seen, except the phosphorescent sparkling of the leaping waves. On—on—the little vessel plunged through the black fury of the tempest. The men had lost all control over her, and merely waited for death, while she was whirled, tossing and pitching, now whelming in the black waves, now lifted towards the sky, and ever carried onward towards the lee shore. While fate was thus imminent, Malcolm had brought Eudora from the cabin, and bound her firmly to himself, so as to leave his limbs free for struggling with the waves. And thus they awaited their doom. At length it came. The vessel was slowly lifted on a mighty wave, and dashed with a stupendous shock upon the sands; and in the same instant all were struggling for life in the black and furious waves.

Malcolm was a strong swimmer; but he never could explain, because he never knew, how he and his companion reached the shore that terrible night.

He only knew that, while the black chaos still roared around him, he found himself high on the beach, stunned and exhausted, with the dripping and drowned form of Eudora in his arms.

Fishermen from the cliffs above were hurrying down with lanterns to render assistance to the shipwrecked mariners.

Two of these came towards him, and with homely words of sympathy, took charge of him and his drowned Eudora, and bore them off to a cottage on the cliff.

"She is dead! quite dead!" moaned Malcolm, in a voice of despair that sounded like content, as he gazed upon the cold, still form that the fisherman's wife had laid upon the rude cottage bed.

"Not she, sir; we'll bring her to presently, if you'll go in t'other room and leave her to us," said the kind dame.

Malcolm turned into the kitchen, where the fisherman supplied him with a suit of dry clothes and a glass of brandy that had never lost its flavor by passing through the custom-house.

And then, while Malcolm sat before the kitchen fire, waiting anxiously to hear some report of Eudora's state, the fisherman relighted his lantern and went out to see what farther aid he could render to the sufferers. After an absence of half an hour he returned, and seating himself beside his guest, inquired:

"How many on you might ha' been aboard that craft, master?"

Malcolm informed him.

"Well, then, they're all landed alive."

"Thank God!"

"Aye; but whether they are all saved, that is another matter, master. Some on 'em are badly hurt; and one on 'em mos' particular badly hurt, poor fellow! nigh upon killed, I should think. He's lying in the next cottage."

Malcolm uttered some few words of sympathy, but his whole heart was with Eudora. He could think of no one else. At length the fisherman's wife appeared to relieve his anxiety. "The young lady had come round," she said, "and had inquired after the gentleman, and being told that he was safe and well, she had taken a quieting drink and gone to sleep. And now could the gentleman do better than to follow her example? There was a good bed in the room up stairs that was heartily at his honor's service."

Malcolm thanked the woman, and followed the man, who led him up stairs, to a humble attic, where he stretched himself upon a hard bed. But notwithstanding the weariness and exhaustion of his body, the excitement and anxiety of his mind kept him from sleep until near morning, when he was aroused by a loud knocking at his door. It was the fisherman, who entered, deprecatingly saying:

"Excuse *me*, master, but *might* your name be Mr. Montrose?"

"Yes; what is the matter?" demanded the young man, in a voice so startled as to seem angry, for he dreaded some evil to Eudora.

"Why, then, master, the poor man as were so badly hurt last night, which we think he is dying, is very particular anxious to see you, sir."

"Which of them is he? What is his name?"

"Antony More, sir."

"Antonio Morio!" exclaimed Malcolm, springing from the bed, and quickly preparing to visit the dying man, whom ten minutes after he found lying upon a poor cot in the next hut.

"What can I do for you?" inquired Malcolm, seating himself beside the man.

"First send all these people from the room, as our interview must be a private one," answered Morio, or More, as we shall hereafter call him.

Malcolm made a sign to the fisherman's family, who withdrew from sight only to plant themselves at convenient listening-posts without.

"They say the poor young lady is saved from the wreck. Is it true?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad to be sure about it; for if she had escaped to France, or if she had perished in the waves, I should have died and made no sign. I should have been faithful to the friend who has ruined me, even though she would have consummated that ruin in death, and offered me up the last of the holocaust of victims sacrificed to her evil passions. But now that that poor girl is thrown again upon these shores, to suffer for another's crimes, and that I am dying, I dare not carry to the grave the secret that might save her; or face my Judge with her innocent blood on my soul!"

Malcolm bent over the dying man, and listened with suspended breath, fearing to ask a question or to make an observation, lest he should arrest the confession that was trembling on his lips.

"The theologians are all wrong in supposing the great principal of evil to be a male—it is a female. Satan is a woman—I am sure of it, and many another man must know it also. An evil woman gains a spell over a man's senses, and then a power over his soul, that is like diabolical magic. The man may know her, scorn her, hate her, but he cannot escape from her. Sometimes he goes mad and kills her, and gets himself hanged for it, and finds freedom, purchased even at that price, an infinite relief. Such an ascendancy one fatal woman gained over me. For years I have been her dupe, her slave, her tool. She has been my god, for at her command I have broken all the laws of the Divine One—all all! At her command I would have

"'Marched to death as to a festival!'"

The man paused from exhaustion; but after a few moments of silence, continued:

"Why she wished to destroy the house of Leaton I do not know, but I became her blind tool in that work of destruction——"

"Name this woman!" exclaimed Malcolm, under his breath.

"I cannot; I know neither her name nor her country. She bears half a dozen aliases, and speaks with equal facility half a dozen modern languages——"

"You mean the Italian Princess Pezzilini?"

"I mean the mysterious woman who has successfully imposed herself upon a few guileless country families as that illustrious lady. I first met her many years ago at Rome, where I was in the suite of the English Ambassador, and she in the household of the Princess Gentillescha Pezzilini. When the Palazza Pezzilini was burned by the mob, she purloined the family jewels and papers, and fled with me to Paris, where, with the aid of her documents, she succeeded in passing herself upon Lord Leaton's retired circle as the illustrious lady who had really perished in the burning palace. She accompanied them to England, bringing me in her train. You know what followed. Why she wished to exterminate the whole race of her benefactors from the face of the earth I never knew. She used me without trusting me, or confided in me only so far as was absolutely needful. And when she had no farther use for me, she turned her death-dealing powers against me to get me out of the way. Death was dealt to me insidiously, slowly and cautiously; but still I knew that it *was* death, and that it came from her hand. Even then I was too much under her spell to denounce her; but I escaped from her, and fled for my life when I embarked in the vessel. Judge how glad I was that the poor innocent girl was escaping too!"

"But to do that young lady justice, you are aware that this confession must be made on oath before a magistrate, in the presence of witnesses, with every circumstantial detail, and reduced to writing."

"I know that, and have already sent to summon the proper persons," moaned the man, who now seemed thoroughly exhausted.

Malcolm gave him drink. And in a few minutes afterwards a justice of the peace, attended by his clerk, arrived at the hut. A magistrate in a populous district is inured to startling revelations. Therefore this worthy justice sat calmly through the terrible statement made upon oath by the dying man, and reduced to writing by the clerk. The document was signed by Antony More, and witnessed by Malcolm Montrose and another.

The necessary warrants were then issued, and the magistrate departed, leaving a constable in charge of the dying witness, whom the doctor pronounced unfit for removal.

Malcolm Montrose hurried to the cottage where Eudora lay concealed, to comfort her with news of the revelation that would completely vindicate her fair fame.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"And well my folly's meed you gave,
Who forfeited to be your slave,
All here and all beyond the grave!
You saw another's face more fair,
You knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot your vows, your faith forswore,
And I was then beloved no more."

The whole conversation at Abbeytown turned upon the subject of the accident at the prison. It was well ascertained that the fire had originated in the clothes-room. But the flames had been extinguished before any very material damage was done to the building. No one was injured, and no one was missing, except Eudora Leaton, who was supposed to have perished in the flames or to have escaped in the confusion.

Annella Wilder, on her fevered bed, raved of conflagrations and tempests, and deadly perils by fire or flood. And the two old ladies scolded all the women for mentioning the burning prison in her presence.

"For how could she have known anything about it but for their gabbling in her sick room?" inquired Mrs. Stilton.

The admiral was divided between anxiety for the recovery of his grand-daughter and aspiration for the love of the Princess Pezzilini! Yes, despite his own bitter matrimonial reminiscences, his threescore years, and the constant supervision of the two sibyls, "that boy" had become the bond-slave of the Italian princess. In addition to the beauty, accomplishments, and fascination of the woman, there were other strong reasons for this infatuation. The admiral, like most self-made men, had a profound veneration for hereditary greatness. And her assumed title of "princess," even though it only represented the ill-defined rank of an *Italian* princess, threw a halo over the Pezzilini that enhanced her value a hundredfold.

Then the admiral was of an heroic temper, and her perilous adventures charmed his mind. He was also excessively benevolent, and her misfortunes melted his heart.

Thus it happened that the admiral was kneeling at the feet of the "princess," in the recess of the bay window, when the officers arrived with the warrant for her "highness's" arrest.

The "princess" was calmly incredulous; the household were astonished; the admiral was furious! It was a mistake, an absurdity, an outrage; but the persecuted princess was in England, the land of civil and religious liberty, thank Heaven! and should have justice done her, so he said.

He ordered out his own carriage to take her before the magistrate, and insisted on escorting her. The officers made no objection to these arrangements, stipulating only that they should

occupy the remaining two seats in the carriage, so as to keep their charge in view. In this manner the accident process was taken to the town-hall, where the magistrates were sitting daily. The examination occupied a very long time, yet the man was so clearly made out against the adventurers that she was fully committed for trial. And the same day a report of the proceedings was dispatched to the Home Secretary, with a petition in behalf of Reuben Lemon, falsely convicted of poisoning her master's family, and reported missing since the fire. This was met by a reprieve of the sentence, and after the trial of Madame Pernillet should either confess or refute the testimony upon which the latter had been indicted.

The assizes were held in session, and the trial was fixed for an early day.

Aubrey Mere, to the surprise of every one, survived his great injuries, and was able to appear in his court as a witness against her. His testimony was clear, conclusive, and corroborated by certain facts produced in evidence. The trial occupied three days, at the end of which the self-styled princess was convicted and sentenced. She received her doom with the cool self-possession she had displayed throughout the whole proceedings. Only once was she betrayed a momentary emotion. Throughout her short imprisonment she had been frequently visited by an elderly woman, whose relations to her were unknown. Some days after being placed in the condemned cell, she was visited by this woman, upon whose bosom she threw herself in a transient burst of feeling.

"Do nothing rash, my mother—my most honored mother. Keep your own counsel, for I will never betray you!"

The next instant she was as calm and self-possessed as ever, but the woman had departed on her words.

When the visitor had departed, the prisoner was carefully searched by the women, but no instrument of self-destruction was found upon her, and she was permitted at last to lie down and rest, guarded by the watchman.

On the night succeeding the conviction of the strange adventuress, the Lord Chief Baron entered his room alone in his spacious mansion in Lesten Arms, pondering over the subject of the most inexplicable criminal he had met with in his long and crowded; for though the gulls of the arrested band were established to the satisfaction of the jury, yet her motive for the deed was still a deep mystery.

Jealousy, revenge, avarice, ambition, the usual incentives to such crimes, seemed totally wanting in this case, and why she had exterminated her benefactors he really was still in a maze.

While the baron pondered over the subject, the door was opened and a visitor announced.

It was a woman of majestic appearance, clothed in deep mourning, and closely veiled.

She advanced to the table, at which he was seated, and threw aside her veil. And oh, what a countenance was there revealed!

It was a fine face, still bearing the vestiges of magnificent beauty, but it was the face of the blasted beauty of the ruined archangel!

"Again!" cried the baron with a shudder of horror, as he met her dark, spiritual eyes, now blazing with the fire of insanity.

"Ay, again! for the third and last time since your sin, I stand before you!" the woman fiercely replied the stranger.

"In the name of Heaven, what is your will with us?"

"To sum up—*just judge!*"

"I know not what you mean beyond this, but it must be very clear indictment."

"Do you know whom you have condemned to death to-day?"

"No, beyond the fact that she was an adventuress with a half dozen aliases, a murderess, who merited breaking upon the wheel more than any milder form of death!"

"Ah, she was very wicked, was she not?"

"A double-dyed, diabolical traitor to deserve her beautiful face, and without even any palliating motive for the deed!"

"But perhaps she could not help it. Treachery and ingratitude were hereditary with her, were in her blood, were a part of her very birth."

"What dark meaning now lurks under your words?"

"Listen, Baron Everton, while I tell you. More years ago than I care to count, she sinful woman to whom confidence was given for the last time was a sinless child—the only child of your old widowed country curate. She became, when scarcely more than a child, the governess of your little sisters. You saw and admired her beauty. You made her yours with by a secret marriage."

"Woman! why do you recall these follies after all these years?"

"To hear me out! You made Henriette Newton your wife by a clandestine marriage, took her over a few months before your wife. Your marriage was not binding unless you should choose to make it so after your father's death, but before that time arrived you had repented of your hasty marriage, and grown tired of your humble woman whose peace you had destroyed. When your sister was discovered you humbled yourself to your offended father; you promised never to see the girl again; you were forced to be sent back with ignoring to break the heart of her father, for the poor old cousin never held up his head again; he died before his daughter became a mother—"

"Horrible, I was a boy then—"

"A boy with the hardened heart of a veteran sinner! Your father died; you came home to celebrate; and I, with my daughter in my arms, threw myself at your feet, and entreated you to acknowledge us as your wife and child—"

"And then I would have drank Hemlock!"

"Ay, for a moment nature made herself heard above the chance of gain, position, self-abasement! You would have yielded, you would then and there have received us to our places in your heart and home, but you were prevented!"

"Aye, I was prevented!"

"And who was it that hindered you in that act of justice? Your bosom friend and confidant, *Lord Lester!* He it was who, in that moment of your better feelings, laid his hand upon your shoulder, and with a sneer and rallery, told you that marriage with an infidel was always a scene and a curse to both parties; that I was unfitted for the sphere of life to which you would have raised me; that by such a marriage you would be disowned and wretched, and I maligned and miserable; bade you remember the fate of the Lady of the Burleigh; and take warning, and advised you to repudiate and provide for me! Provide for me? I think even he saw that I would have seen my child slowly starve to death in the street rather than have taken one crumb from the father who refused to acknowledge her as his legitimate daughter!" exclaimed the woman, with her eyes suddenly blazing.

"He was a high-toned, honorable man; he counsel well by you and me."

"Especially by me and my child, whom he consigned to a life of misery, dishonor and reproach!" and the woman, in withering scorn. "Enough! by his advice and his assistance, you succeeded in annulling your Juvenile marriage and repudiating your wife and child! Once more we were turned from your door. I had a long illness, during which, I think, my soul must have left my body, and the spirit of a fiend entered it. For, a loving, suffering, forgiving woman, I fell from that hour; and arose from it the avenger of my own sin, the destroyer of yours!"

He knew that her words were the ravings of insanity, and yet they seemed to curdle his blood.

She continued:

"Were there not follies again enough in this pandemonium of a world that you might have spared me the pain of our meeting again? What excuse had you for her destruction? Love? Bah! Love soon and destroy the object! Passion? Passion is of the soul, and your soul was sanctioned in selfishness even by your friend! You feel a single glow of human love or passion? Then why should you have been a murderer of egotism! But I did not come here to deal in invectives—I came to wind up accounts with you for ever. Enough then I know from that bed of illness a spirit prompted me to write it out. Every door was closed against me—every roof barred except that which leads down to death and damnation! I take no sin upon myself in the baron, with the life of a lost spirit. I was not for from you in the dreadful day when you left Lady Edrida Grant to the altar; and my cross that smote its flowers was accursed in the sight of the Lesten family! You know your duty; do it!"

"To," he said, "whether you are mad or sane, it is a question of duty, and you should be placed in custody. And to-morrow this affair shall be investigated. The unfortunate daughter should be proved really guiltless, justice done to her memory, and you be placed in your own hands, you unrelenting woman! must take you to the asylum for the insane, where you will be cared for from you to your dying day!"

"I should be Mary—not always May—

Till wrinkle the world with furrows;

I'll ride like Queen Mab on the breeze,

And bring life happy home!

I'll soothe the lion and dauntless,

Become the widow's steer;

And happiness ever was a smile

In never were bolder!

Where'er there dwell unhappiness

I'll speed my magic way,

And sweet shall be my errand,

May-fair the viewing day!—

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THE END.

ALADDIN'S LAMP

Oh, had I but Aladdin's lamp,
To rub it with a will,
I'd say the first thing to be had
The joys that cost away;
I'd say to bring an angel's wing
Upon the earth again;
And hold there such a chorus on earth,
A chorus hitherto by men!
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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY E. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STRUGGLING," "MIDNIGHT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE AVOWAL.

The avowal of Lord Lester could not be avowed. The imperial secret from that hour was—"Dead!"

At the moment of her rescue from the hands of Joe Eggleton, both Clara and her father were so much injured to enter into such explanations as were necessary to establish the validity of the tie between them. But the information obtained from Mrs. Page, previous to his departure for England, Colonel Monkton felt that moral conviction which satisfies the heart of innocence, and he knew that his child was free from guilt.

With the assistance of his friends he bore her to the boat, which rowed with a heavy chest of drawers, was quickly taken, during the excesses of their expedition. If my regret existed, it was at the escape of Paolo and his companion. It would appear, from Mrs. Page's testimony, to have made conditions with each other.

Hannah—who had acted as courageously during the struggle as Clara herself—fell into a hysterical now that the danger had passed, and required all a series of gesticulations and exclamations that highly amused her liberators.

But the colonel was not himself now when he took it all! Jane Shore was nothing to what she would prove herself! In her excitement she resolutely confessed that Miss Watson, the heroine of the "Struggling," was her child, and evidently in her opinion since she had become a successful author. In the transports of her joy she threw her arms round the necks of Lord Mayfield and Harold, embracing each alternately, and then dropped in a good hearty cry.

The young men were evidently more embarrassed than gratified by her fondness, and Clara, with all the sincerity of her nature, was in open question.

The mystery land of her birth she is in the possession of all the happiness she is capable of enjoying—the love of a devoted husband, beautiful children, and faithful friends; an honorable position, an ample fortune, and good health. As for the rest, the scars of those early, deep wounds, they may possibly never be effaced in this life; but so long as she lives on earth, perhaps some subjects and some memories will cause her cheek to blanch and her blood to curdle with a deadly sensitiveness; but we comfort her, with all the stitches in broken and wounded in spirit, to that Benignant Power, which is healing to the contrite," is also Almighty to repent.

THE END.

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To rub it with a will,
I'd say the first thing to be had
The joys that cost away;
I'd say to bring an angel's wing
Upon the earth again;
And hold there such a chorus on earth,
A chorus hitherto by men!
I should be Mary—not always May—
I'd wrinkle the world with furrows;
I'll ride like Queen Mab on the breeze,
And bring life happy home!
I'll soothe the lion and dauntless,
Become the widow's steer;
And happiness ever was a smile
In never were bolder!
Where'er there dwell unhappiness
I'll speed my magic way,
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ly. The prospect of his union with the fair Italian appeared to him more remote than ever.

Although the great object of their journey to Leghorn had been happily accomplished, it was decided, at the suggestion of Colonel Mordaunt, that they should remain a week longer in the town, to give the late prisoners time to recover from the fatigue and agitation they had endured, and wait the arrival of Sir Vivian, a British ship of war, daily expected to arrive with the minister to the Court of Tuscany on board. This circumstance being an old friend of Clara's father, the latter felt certain of obtaining a passage home, both for himself and friends.

Signor Benetti expressed himself delighted at their stay. He had taken a great fancy to the society of our hero, who, in consequence of Tom's love affair, was enabled to devote no inconsiderable portion of his time to the wealthy merchant, whose conversation interested him, added to which he had another motive. The portrait of Bianca had excited his curiosity, and he felt convinced his host could give him important information respecting the exile and his daughter.

They were walking together the second morning after the adventure at Monte Nero, in the garden behind the house, when Harold stepped suddenly before the picture.

"It is most beautiful," said the signor.

"Deeply," replied his companion.

"I understand, as a work of art."

Although the words seemed to refer to observation only, they were uttered in the tone of one who rules a question, and Harold was too keen, too proud of his love for Bianca, not to reply to them.

As the portrait of the only woman I can ever love, and who has promised one day to become my wife, he answered.

Signor Benetti smiled.

"I wish," continued the young man, "you would deal openly with me, and tell me the history of that picture. I ask no breach of confidence," he added; "you have told me all you can; I am forbidden to do so; or that 'reason' with which I should not gratify your curiosity, never to be importuned by me upon the subject again."

"There is no very terrible secret connected with it," replied the merchant, "only a romance, and before I impart it I must have confidence for confidence."

"From me?"

"Yes."

"Demand is freely," exclaimed our hero, frankly; "I have nothing to conceal."

"You, the nephew of the great banker, Sir Jasper Maxwell?"

"I am."

"And his heir?"

"No," said Harold, laughingly, "nor ever likely to be. He has three children—a son and two daughters. My uncle and myself are not anything but friendly terms. I have offended him by my journey to Italy. We differ in principles are not my ways and principles. So far from being his heir, I do not expect the slightest assistance from him."

"Probably you do not require it," observed Signor Benetti, "and are rich enough without it?"

"On the contrary, I am poor—dependent upon my own exertions," answered the young man; "but what of that? I have health, youth, strength, kind and brave friends, and a heart which is not ashamed to acknowledge to those who labor earnestly."

"And you would marry the daughter of an exile, without friends or fortune?"

"Yes!"

"Imprudent!" said the merchant.

"An excellent judge!" muttered our hero.

"Thank Heaven! I have not that sin to answer for. I have labored to my utmost to make as the crowning happiness of my life—the gift without which all other gifts were valueless—a blessing years of toil and struggle would but too slightly purchase. On my mother's death-bed I shall immediately enter on a career of honorable exertion, and more especially as there no matter how humble, ask her to share it with me.

"You smile," he added; "I would not change the prospect you have held out to him for all your riches."

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"Yes, yes," answered Benetti; "the girl is an enthusiast."

"Has he no other relatives?"

"A brother," answered the signor, with real or affected indifference; "divorced, like myself, to the present state of government."

"The sister?" ejaculated Harold Mowell, with involuntary contempt.

The countenance of his host became very pale.

"Pardon me," added the young Englishman, for having pained you—you who have been so kind to me, by whom I owe much—by the sale of Murrill's wrongs and sufferings excited me beyond the exercise of sober reason."

"You judge rashly and unlike a boy," observed the Italian, grasping his arm, "relating to the secret of Bianca's father. Look me in the face, your hair is as white as mine, you will discover new fabrications are on it. It is not years but heaviest soldier that sits amid the shouts of battle—sufferings that have made the brain to be branded with the name of 'slave' was suggested to commerce. The fortune of my father—he—the bread of the aged and the young was in his hands. It was his duty to feed them, and cast it on the troubled sea of anarchy and revolution."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE FANE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

In the fen, or the sand, or the heart, or the brain,
There is glowing forever a mystical Fane;
In cities are domed, its portals are gold,
With a scroll-work of amethyst over them rolled;
And the glorious dome of clear crystal lies
In the holy, blue Heaven, is cupp'd by a sire.

II.

I stand by the portal; with unholy fires
In a hyena vision my heart seems never to close!
I have entered the temple; when bright sunlight
Burns in a noon with the ecstasy breathed from the rose.

As they kneel round an altar of beryl and fire,
Whose quick-flashing tongues in the great roof expire;

III.

Still the high hymn is sounding; the thunders still roll:
How they look in soft ecstasy the saint!
How they look in soft ecstasy the saints!
On Heaven's pyramid towers cloud!
What are we, what are we, by Thy glorious throne,
On Heaven's pyramid planted alone?

INDIAN TREACHERY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During the early settlement of what is now called Pendleton county, in Virginia—a wild, mountainous region—one Captain Seybert erected a fort as a protection for his own and neighboring families against the incursions of the Indians. Like all the border forts of the day, it was simply constructed of rafters and palisades, but was strong enough, if properly garrisoned, to resist the attack of an enemy who could bring no more formidable weapons against it than smoothbore muskets, and burning arrows.

Bitter hostilities subsequently commenced between the whites and Indians, and about forty persons of both sexes and different ages took refuge in the fort. Here for some time they remained unmolested, consoling themselves by telling rumors of what the savages were doing in other quarters, and on two or three occasions getting sight of small parties that were evidently abroad on scouting or reconnoitering expeditions, and not strong enough to attack a fortification.

For some time previous to the events we are about to relate, no Indians had been seen in the vicinity, and the inmates of the fort began to congratulate themselves that they would entirely escape molestation.

"Brother," said one of the ladies one day, addressing Colonel Dyer, who, with his family, had taken refuge in the station, "don't you think we might venture up to our farm this spring in safety? There are some few little things that in the hurry of coming down here we overlooked, and I should not only like to get them, but see the fields once more ourselves."

"Well," replied the colonel, "I can't say I think there is any particular danger just at present, for I am inclined to believe the savages have all withdrawn from this quarter. Still there is no telling, of course, what mischief they may return, and if they should happen to catch us, it would be a bad business. What do you think, Captain Seybert?" he added, addressing the proprietor of the fort, who was standing within hearing.

"I hardly know what to advise, Colonel. Everything looks quiet enough, to be sure, but then one cannot say, in these times, that we are not liable to be surprised at almost any storm."

"Don't go," said Mrs. Dyer, earnestly, addressing her husband. "I fear something will happen."

"You always do, wife," replied Colonel Dyer, with a laugh. "I believe I never went out in my life with your consent. You are a great deal too timid for the borders."

"Well, what is the use of going?" persisted the other. "The things that sister wants are of little consequence, and as to the cattle, instead of her coming, I look upon that as absolutely foolish. Why can not Sister Ives be induced for a more whim?" for really it is nothing more."

"Now, by my faith, I will go, if only to prove your fears a mere whim," my timid wife," laughed the colonel. "So put on your things, sister, and get ready."

The wife made no further objection, but as her husband passed through the gate with his sister, her heart seemed to be in her mouth, and she relived into her side with a pain easily, and gave way to tears.

All at once a wild cry and confusion of voices drew her forth into the area of the fort, where she found men, women and children rushing toward and fro in the greatest state of excitement and alarm—some shouting, some screaming, and some pallid, silent, and ready to faint with terror.

"Run! run! for your lives!" shouted one who stood looking through a loop-hole.

"They'll have 'em! they'll have 'em! the accused hounds!" cried another.

"Be ready at the gates there! don't let them wait a moment!" commanded a third.

"Oh, my God! my God! they will be murdered, and we too!" shrieked a terrified female, wringing her hands.

Mrs. Dyer comprehended that her husband was in danger, that her presentiments were now fulfilled, and, overcome by the intense agony of her feelings, she clasped her temples with her hands, and sank fainting to the earth.

The scene outside the fort was terribly exciting to the poor inmates, for there a large body of Indians had suddenly come wild whoop and yells, were in close pursuit of Colonel Dyer and his sister, who were straining every nerve to reach the gates, which had already been thrown open to receive them, the different parties standing there all urging them forward with shouts and gestures of the wildest description.

"Three! it is all over with them! they are lost!" cried Captain Seybert, as some three or four of the foremost savages laid hold of Colonel Dyer and his sister and shackled their hands within a hundred yards of the fort. "Quick! quick! close the gates! we shall all be in their clutches!" he added, as the main body of the Indians pressed forward upon the captives.

The gates were instantly swung to and fastened, but not a moment too soon, for a volley of balls lodged in the thick timbers and the savages pressed up with yells of fury.

"Well, you red niggers, we'll teach you that we can fire back," said Captain Seybert's son, a brave lad of fifteen, as he thrust his rifle through one of the loop-holes and stretched one of the foremost sensations on the earth.

Hastening another rifle from the hands of a timid man, who stood irresolute and even trembling by his side, he fired a second shot and brought down another savage.

"Whoop!" he shouted, with boyish exultation; "how do you like that for a beginning?" and closing the loop-hole, he proceeded with the utmost haste to reload his piece, as the same time urging the others to fire and make every shot tell. "Don't be alarmed!" he said encouragingly, and with the spirit of a true hero;

"there are not more than fifty of the heathen, and, with proper vigilance, caution and courage, we could defeat the fort against twice that number and make the painted imps of Satan run and tell tales."

Had the colonel displayed the firmness and courage of this heroic youth, we should have had a different tale to record; but unfortunately a panic had seized upon nearly all, and they ran to and fro in the greatest trepidation and confusion, some even wasting almost as much lead as the women and children. At this juncture, a slave, creeping cautiously up, called out:

"Give up fort, and Injun no kill. Injun friend—don't want to kill white brudder."

"Don't believe a word he says! they will treat with us!" cried one of the more timid. "We can easily make friends with them, and save our lives at least."

"Treat with them!" rejoined young Seybert, with an expression of contempt. "No! let us fight like men to the end, and kill every scoundrel that dares to show us a mark!"

With this, having reloaded his rifle, he again opened the loop-hole, and seeing the Indian who had just spoken, standing at no great distance, and who from his appearance was undoubtedly a chief, he brought his piece to bear on him, and was in the very act of pulling the trigger, when his father ran up and knocked up the gun.

"Stop, my son," he said, "you are too rash—you will bring destruction upon the whole of us! Did you not hear the savage will treat with us. It is some ruse, I am sure, and the fort—we are too weak—and by surrendering, we shall save the lives of all."

"Don't believe it, father," expostulated the youth, reddening with anger and shame. "To keep from fighting now, when we have the vantage place, it will not avail us—for the moment these treacherous scoundrels get possession of the place, they will butcher us like dogs."

"Silence, boy!" said the father; "you are only a child, and know not what you say. Do as I command you!"

But the youth, instead of obeying, only muttered angrily, and, with his hands clenched, and his eyes burning with indignation, he stood like a statue, as the savage, creeping nearer and nearer, called out:

"Injun no kill—no hurt—very lucky Injun."

"I will come out to you, and we will agree upon terms," shouted Captain Seybert.

"Ugh! good!—Injun—white brudder come. Warrior in fort—Injun no kill—no kill—no kill. Good! ugh!"

Sustained a hurried consultation with the principal men of the garrison, Captain Seybert, bearing in his hand a white handkerchief for a truce, left the fort by a wicket, to confer with the savage chief. The latter stepped forward to meet him, and the painted warriors formed a large circle around them, but kept at a respectful distance. The interview was watched from the fort with the most intense interest, and with scores deeply interested, nearly all holding in their a judicious exercise of their personal efforts their weapons, ready to be opened. Young Seybert knelt sullenly apart from the excited crowd, with his rifle resting across his knee on the ground, his lip young brows and his fire lips in a fearful compression.

In a few minutes Captain Seybert and the chief returned like extremes, and the whole crowd of warriors followed them.

"Come around the gates, my friends!" said the captain. "Thank God, all is settled! The chief has promised that no harm shall befall us from his famous Kickbush, offers reasonable terms; and as soon as we shall have given him and his warriors what I have promised, they will all withdraw and leave us in peace."

"Ugh! good!" said the chief; "me Kill-buck—me big chief—big chief no die. Ugh! good!"

At the mention of that dread name, celebrated for his bloody exploits, the men, women, and children turned pale, and more than one exclamation of surprise and terror at the news had not rather been taken than that of the Indian chief. The gates were at once raised against opening the gates, and the next minute they were thrown wide, and in rushed the motley crowd of warriors followed them.

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At the mention of that dread name, celebrated for his bloody exploits, the men, women and children turned pale, and more than one exclamation of surprise and terror at the news had not rather been taken than that of the famous Kickbush. The gates were at once raised against opening the gates, and the next minute they were thrown wide, and in rushed the motley crowd of warriors followed them.

Scarcely had young Seybert now made known to his friends the terms of surrender—the amount of blankets, guns, powder, and lead to be given to the savages—and urged all to hasten and put them in possession of the articles at once, when a fire broke out in the rear of the fort, which was supposed to have been kindled by some of the savages. This was indeed the signal for the beginning of an awful work of butchery. At once knocking down and brushing most of his men, who were collected in a dense body in the rear, and children into two rows, about ten feet apart, and appointed two of their warriors to each, the work of massacre commenced at once. These two fiends, each beginning at the head of the line, struck down all who came within reach. Only a few were spared, whom the captive or his children and companions were forced to be spectator of the bloody work; and Killbuck, the chief, finding a corner, stood with a grim mimicry of such unusual stoicism, went up to him, and said:

"Ugh! much brave! good! Go live with Kickbuck—me love brave warrior."

"My father, whom you so basely murdered, saved your cursed life!" returned the youth, setting his teeth hard. "I had my rifle covering your black heart, but he wouldn't let me fire."

Instead of showing anger, Killbuck laughed.

"Little rascal," he said, "you fire—you kill no—you save fort. Me big chief. Me most—warrior got sacred—all run away. Ugh! good! Little rascal, come with Killbuck."

Having completed their horrid work of butchery, the savages plundered the dwellings, collected such valuables as they could carry with them, and then set the fort on fire. As the flames ascended heavenward, rending and crackling over the bodies of the gory dead, they marched off into the deep forest with their living prisoners, which included Colonel Dyer and his sister. Of these who lived and escaped to tell the tragic story, Sister Ives, we are happy to say the heroic young Seybert was one, and a braver lower never breathed life as a savage foe.

KNIGHT KUNO.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. WAGENBRE.

BY JAMES SACK.

Constant all your suits bewitching
Would my heart entrance;
Which the prayers of fair maidens
Roused on to their dance.

Glad I was you casting hither,
Glimmer saw you night;
But ten seas, with tops of angels,
From you I must flee.

Then he spoke in tones of sorrow,
And with mien grave,
Knave a word more can he utter,
For all mouth'd he.

He with tenderest emotion
To his lady spoke,
Weeping forth the love and sorrow
That consumed his breast.

Oh! how can sore still wound her
Whom he tenderly,
And his pain, in terror hardship,
Still more increase?

Knight! no longer must thou tarry,
For the fair is wed;
Hasten to the warlike tidings
That have summoned thee!

Starting at those words of terror
Deep his sorrow fled,
Yet she prays and bids to hasten
With unwilling heart.

Scent her hips his Several kisses
Ere he sprang away,
Then, he blew his—Can she summons
Hastened on to battle.

Laughs lightly in his answer
To his cross prayer,
Crossing sword and spear in fearful thrust
Waiting for the fair.

As he ends, the cry of battle
Higher swells and higher,
For the wind of peace was broken
And revenge is red.

Ranked away the warring lady
With Your breast,
From the hated cross she hurried
Where they met in fight.

Is returned she to her kindred,
Sighing still and sad;
With him all of joy had left her,
Lady Lily!

Smoothed she once to the Duntze,
Finished with prayer,
While the drums and trumpets thundered
Terror in the land.

Throngs of foes the sound of Knight
Scattered in affright,
But like them, his joys were scattered,
Fled on swiftest wings.

And meanwhile a dreadful cruse,
From the hills poured
Spoil like lightning to the enemies
That her Knight had.

Then she heard the bitter tidings,
Wept in grief and pain,
But she listened to her chamber
There to pray—and sing.

Then a yore in lonely sorrow
Sighing she died,
Till her father brought a suitor
Who her heart won.

But the silence of her father
Could not cast her down,
Sorrow then was heaped on sorrow
With another.

To the marriage feast invited
Came a second knight,
With the trumpets joyous clangor
Mingling were not at all.

Now around the joyful circle
Flows the goblet free,
Cheeks are flushed and hearts are merry
With the joyous wine.

All are breathing joy and pleasure—
All except the bride,
Silent, sad, and weeping
Is the lovely maid.

Through the halls with angel voices
Sweetest music floats,
And the bridal song responding
Shouts the birthing notes.

While the wine flows in the harbor
Like a rushing stream,
Sudden sinks the hall in the circle
Knave's love-feast!

Knave, long lost, now found here!
Dead supposed to be!
Knave whom his lover's sorrow
Urged on earth to seek!

All, when gazing on that offer
Wondering silence kept,
As with sorrowless love and stately
To the board he slept.

Pale and cold as the ice-stone
Of the hero's dark,
Mount to gather in the thunder
Through the halls to ring.

Then he spoke in tones of woe-cup,
Him, her own and best!
Pallo him her sorrowless rapture,
Weeping on his breast!

Back she sprang in wild affright,
At his fast she lies,
Pale in death her breast forever,
Dim in death her eyes!

FUNERAL RITES

In what barbaric mind first originated the custom of burying alive soldiers, servants, horses, and horses, with which undertakers have their graves, is a question of considerable interest. Can't one go to his grave without ostentation? Must he have a circus in his funeral lifeline? In cases of public men there is much may be said, though even then, I think, to our taste, a plain simplicity were infinitely more dignified. We wonder that they who can still afford the noble of carriages, which exhaust the organs and widow's last expense, should follow an example the lack of which seems to be pronounced by them to authority in such matters, a want of proper respect to the dead. Is it not that they have not the courage to be reviled down by those who are alone capable of putting an end to it, if not for the sake of common sense, at least for the sake of those who sorely need the funds thus expended.

FANNY FERN.

MAN AND WIFE QUARRELS.

It is often said that the most serious discussions between married people take their rise in the most trifling and inconsiderable circumstances. The more refined and the better educated the parties are, the more extended will be the effect of their quarrels. The same imperfection that a pair of vulgar people would settle with two smacking-irons and a broom-stick, will set estrange a gentleman and lady of refinement that nothing but a divorce can reconcile them, either to themselves or to society.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Fatigue writes to us as follows: "I am a married man, with five children, and have been living with my wife for about ten years very happily. Of late, however, she has got so wilful a temper that I am getting from home, going on an excuse that she was not well enough to leave home. Things went on smoothly until last Sunday, when our little girl was getting ready to go to Sunday school, and I said she should not go, and then we had a row. Now the whole case is, that my wife and I belong to different sects: she wishes the little girl to go to her church, and I wanted her to go to mine. Then her mother came up and says that I keep everything to myself about the children, or where they should go; and that they should never go to my church, and if I did not like that, I could clear out. Now, Mr. Editor, what can I do? I have as good a right to where they shall go to church as my wife has, and a better right than her mother. I am very much afraid that this little affair will become a live with my mother-in-law. If you will give me an answer to this, through your correspondence, whether I had better clear out and leave them, or stay and fight it out, you will oblige me." Your is certainly a very perplexing and painful case, and goes to show the soundness of the opinions we have frequently had occasion to give—*Feed*, that it is not advisable for persons to intermarry who cherish radically different religious convictions and habits; and secondly, that it is not advisable for a new-married couple to live with the parents of either, or to permit the parents of either to live with them. The violation of either of these rules is almost sure to lead to trouble. In the case of which you write to your care, domestic discord is inevitable. The first thing for you to do is to take up your abode in a home of your own, and then to establish yourself there over such side influences. This being done, you and your wife can, by due exercise, come to an understanding as to the religious training of your children. It would, of course, be not only foolish but unjust for you to insist that your little girl must "attend" and for the "eternal welfare of your children" must, while under your own roof, attend with your wife. Wrangling and contention are not religious exercises, and can not be made to contribute to the spiritual growth, nor minister to the edification of the religiously excited. If you have children, you have a duty to perform to them, which is to train them in the religious difference in regard to your children; but if you belong to the same common class with yourself as to procedure and a sham, or a mere habit and tradition, you will probably not be able to impress upon them the "religious training" of your offspring, until your denominational differences shall have been entirely reconciled.

L. E. C.—This correspondent wants to vacillate an idea. He declares that he has no sympathy with the extravagant position of the anti-slavery fanatics, the pious of "women's rights," that the theory that women have property rights in politics, and that the doctrine of free fanatic, and are capable of filling all public positions with credit to themselves and benefit to the country; but that it is not the less true that there are many instances of many exceptions, for which they are eminently adapted, by the peculiarity of their minds, to the performance of correspondent, assuming the rural and editorial plural. Where they are not so adapted, they should not be allowed an the seat of war must have left many desirous openings in the ranks, which must be sought to be filled by women. Numbers of salesmen and clerks have left their situations and taken up arms in the defence of the Union. Many of them have left female relatives behind them, who have been dependent upon their support. Many of these have been thrown upon the world to fill the vacancies occasioned by the absence of their protectors. They have a double claim to the consideration of employers—first, as women deprived of those upon whom they were dependent for support, and next, as the kindred of brave men who have enlisted in their country's service. We are given unquestionably to exclaim to men, in all cases where the work to be done is of a character suited to their powers, and not to that of politics. What does the Lincoln say about it? The Lincoln says, let women have everything that they can legally entitled to, and as much more as you please. Do not, however, let us, in this glow it is to be done, some females, to do, and that can do the work to his entitled to, and that can do it well, and that is the only to say a man—which, of course, is the case in all, unless he has good reason for it.

Gam-gooseberry.—Here is a fruit that it is worth while to go to any reasonable expense in order to procure for her flowers. At the last office of the year we have the fame of the improved ellie-market was demonstrated. A bright was on sale, with thousands of enormous white pine boards, one inch thick, and placed in inch and a half apart. This old-fashioned mode, with the addition of two hundred yards, sent a ball through them of three hundy has the fruit of the gooseberry, and it is not to many dress a half through eleven of them. The same principle, when tried at a distance of seven miles, produced equally good results. Although a white pine plank is not so hard as a piece of oak, it is much more elastic, and consequently more effective in the absence of that quality. Let us remember that the best arm as fast as they can be obtained. Nevertheless, it is true, as you remark, that a rifle ball of the weapon will gutteenly vanquish a coward with a good one.

Sergeant.—Pure tea two inches thick, will bear hi heavy 12 pounder gunwithout any fear. It will not, however, keep they when crossing his fire, nor should a great deal of powder be used. Tea is not to be relied on for protection when you are charging the enemy's battery, as the power is great fallibility to galvanic and non-commissioned officers, the commander-in-chief alone has power to grant this favor. The Swedish article of War.

D. L.—It is affirmed by those who profess to know, that the oyster is a passiflorous creature, consequently is it safe to suppose that Methodists would not be found during all its days of his longest probably not unwearied life. When such is the case, he is not to be safely definitely settled; but that he is an "old settler," and has been known to "go in" for a considerable length of time, is evident from the fact that he has been known to "very strongly," is not at all strange to New Yorkers. Many of the Methodists have left the city to join in the ustrous being brought from Virginia and Maryland, and the consequence is that the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Gloves and Worster are fear-inches and a half thick. Many of the Methodists have left the city to join in the ustrous being brought from Virginia and Maryland, and the consequence is that the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Gloves and Worster are four